

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ORONSAY	20,000	Feb. 7	Feb. 13	Feb. 15	OSTERLEY	12,129	May 30	June 5	June 7
ORMUZ	14,588	Feb. 21	Feb. 27	Mar. 1	ORAMA	20,000	June 27	July 3	July 5
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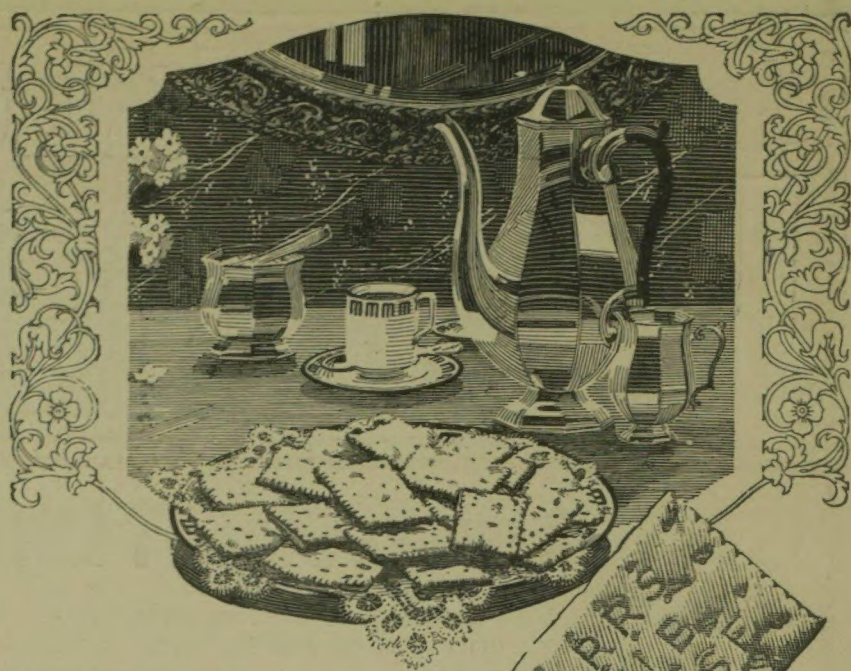
In Packets: 1 oz. 1/2; 2 oz. 2/4

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At the Beginning of the New Year

THE SKETCH

will present to its readers

THE SECRETS OF A SHOWMAN:

The Entertaining Memoirs of

C. B. COCHRAN

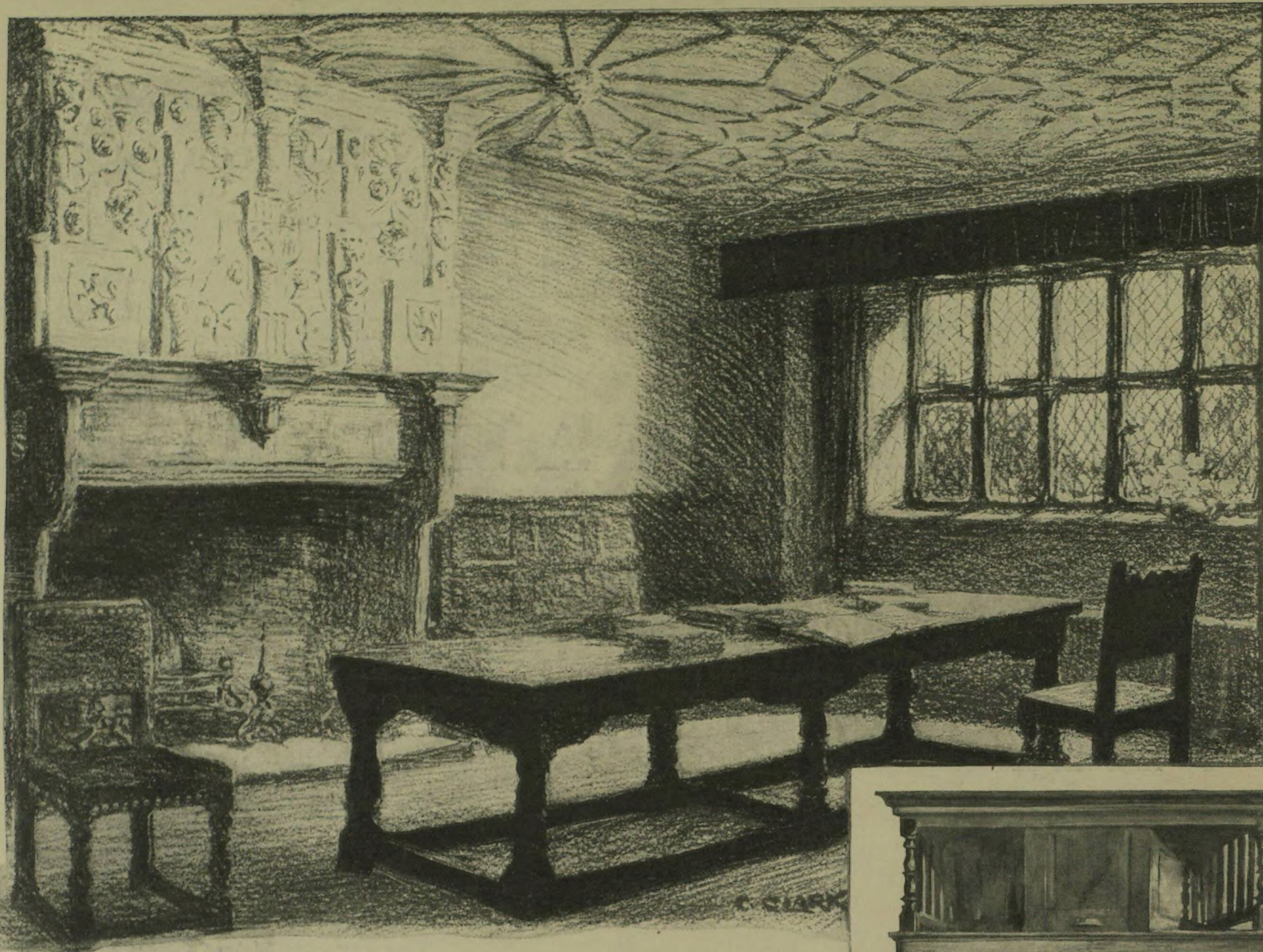
In these Memoirs, Mr. Cochran deals with many exceptionally interesting people, including

Alice Delysia	Billie Carlton	Arthur Wimperis
Trini	June	Maurice and Leonora Hughes
Odette Dulac	Grock	Diaghileff
Yvette Guilbert	Morton	Sarah Bernhardt
Marie Lloyd	George Graves	Ellen Terry
Raquel Meller	Monckton Hoffe	The Duncan Sisters
Florence Mills	Binnie Hale	Duse
Aubrey Beardsley	Sybil Thorndike	Lord Northcliffe
May Yohe	Madge Titheradge	Sir Charles Allom
Mabel, Countess Russell	Robert Loraine	Madge Lessing
Ethel Levy	Lilian Braithwaite	Edna May
Mrs. Brown Potter	Lady Tree	Florens Ziegfeld, jnr.
Sir Harry Lauder	The late Lord Sandhurst	Richard Mansfield
Sir Alfred Butt	Seymour Hicks	Bernard Shaw
Herman Finck	The Guitrys	Sir Herbert Tree
Hackenschmidt	Laurette Taylor	Sir Gerald du Maurier
Zbysco	Beckett	Henry Vibart
Lord Queensberry	Wells	W. S. Penley
George Robey	Goddard	Sir Henry Irving
Anna Held	Carpentier	Mrs. Langtry
Else Janis	Arnold Bennett	Ex-President McKinley
Reinhardt	Dorothy Dickson	Houdini
W. T. Stead	Dolly Sisters	Hugh Didcott
Mrs. Cornwallis-West	Sir Thomas Lipton	Bessie Bellwood
Lady Diana Cooper	Ellaline Terriss	Edward Laurillard

and has numerous amusing things to say of all of them.

In order not to miss anything of the remarkable life of one of the world's greatest showmen, subscribe to "The Sketch."

Any Newsagent or Bookstall will take your subscription, or you can send to the
Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C. 2



The Banqueting Hall, Plas-Mawr.

As it was in the days of Queen Bess

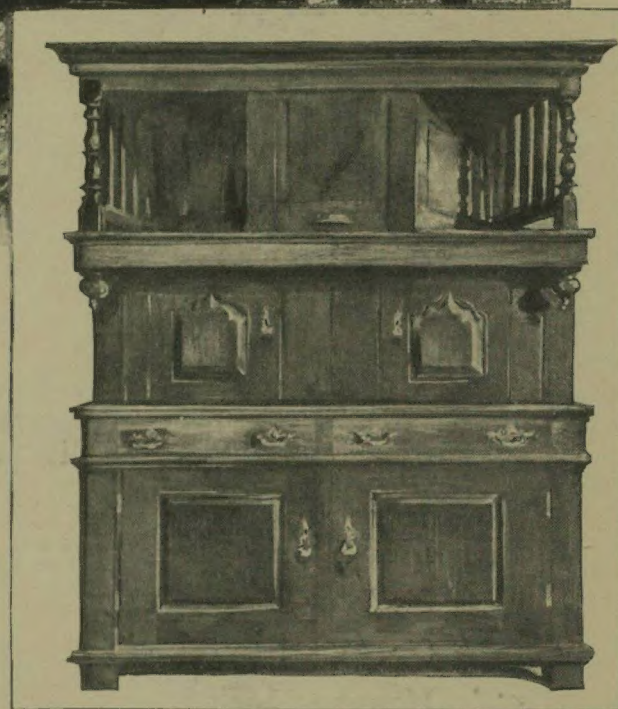
SELDOM indeed is the privilege granted of viewing an Elizabethan home just as it was first occupied, unaltered by the hand of Time or that injudicious restoration from which so many historic buildings have suffered.

Such a house can actually be seen in the quaint old Welsh town of Conway. In 'Plas-Mawr,' the ancient family mansion of the Wynns, will be found a wealth of fascinating interest, for it is a remarkable and singularly complete relic of life in centuries past. To the stranger the cold grey stone exterior, so different from the usual Tudor timbered structures, gives small indication of the richness of design and decoration which distinguishes the interior.

It is evident that the founder, Robert Wynn, was proud of his distant relationship with his Sovereign, for he commemorated this fact, and his loyalty, by a lavish display of the Royal Arms with his own initials and other devices in most of the prominent places in his home.

The wonderful old chimney-pieces, all elaborately carved, iron basket grates, decorative plaster work, oak wainscoting, leaded lattice panes, arched doorways and furniture in keeping with the age, all unite to provide a picture of Elizabethan domestic architecture unique in its rarity and beauty.

The distinction of being Elizabethan can almost be claimed by John Haig Scotch Whisky, for it was shortly after Queen Bess' reign—in 1627—that its particular virtues and intrinsic quality were first made known.



A 17th Century Cupboard.

Dye Ken

John Haig?



By Appointment.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1924.

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"O JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM . . . HOW OFTEN WOULD I HAVE GATHERED THY CHILDREN TOGETHER!"
THE HOLY CITY FROM THE RUSSIAN BELFRY ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

At this season the holy places of Palestine have been in all our thoughts. At the end of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew we read the tender words of regret uttered by Jesus over Jerusalem, and at the beginning of the next chapter it is told how he "departed from the temple" and "sat upon the Mount of Olives." He was looking then over the city from the same point of view as that which the above photograph shows, for it was taken in the

Russian belfry on the Mount. In the centre of the city below appears the Dome of the Rock, above the Mosque of Omar. A beautiful drawing of the Mount of Olives, by Major Benton Fletcher, showing the belfry tower, was given in our issue of June 24, 1922, and other drawings of Jerusalem, by the same artist, in those of March 31 and April 7, 1923, and April 19, 1924. The latter also contained two air views of the city.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I KNOW nothing about the society that calls itself the Crusaders; though it would nowadays be a very poor-spirited journalist who allowed that fact to discourage him from writing an article on the subject. But, anyhow, I do not know enough about them to denounce them or defend them or glorify them, or otherwise take sides in the matter. They may be a Round Table shining with the spirit of Sir Galahad. They may be a reactionary conspiracy, dark and disdainful with the spirit of Sylla. They may possibly be a group of harmless gentlemen with a healthy taste for dressing up. But whatever they are, there is no doubt about what they are called. They are called Crusaders; and in the light of that single and simple and unquestioned fact the report of the address delivered to them by the Dean who acted as their religious adviser makes most extraordinary reading. It is always possible, of course, that the most extraordinary elements are in the report, rather than the address; and that it was more extraordinary to read than to hear. In that case we transfer the curiosity of literature to another calling, and substitute for an amazement at deans an amazement at daily papers. But anyhow the utterance, or the importance given to it, seems very strange. According to the report, the Dean rose to congratulate all these gentlemen on having become Crusaders, and devoted his remarks chiefly to showing what detestable people Crusaders had generally been, and, inferentially, what a deplorable thing it was to be a Crusader. This journalistic impression may have been exaggerated. But it seems clear that the Dean did chiefly devote himself to complimenting the Crusaders by abusing the Crusades. He said that the Crusades were lamentable and shameful incidents in history, which had created hatred between creed and creed and left a tragic trail of religious war: that was apparently the upshot of what he said. And it seems to me an odd thing to say to a body that had christened itself after those creators of bitterness, that had taken its very name from those lamentable events, to men who had the whole of history to choose from and chose certain historic figures as their patron saints, only to be told by their own temporary chaplain that their patron saints were hateful heresiarchs of hate.

A word may be said later about this historical view of those historical figures. It is not merely that some of us might suggest other aspects of the individuals; that it would hardly be just to represent St. Louis as merely hating, or even Godfrey de Bouillon as merely hateful. There might also be a great deal more to say about the general social and spiritual issue of the great religious wars. There would be something to be said about the justice of the cause—and of the effect. The Dean might be respectfully referred to another Dean, whose name was Stubbs, and who possibly knew as much history as the Dean now in question. His justification, and even glorification, of the motives and moral fruitfulness of the Crusades has often been quoted. And Dean Stubbs wrote in the midst of a Victorian modernism, fully content with modern things, and much less appreciative than we are of mediæval things. But I shall come back to this general historical question presently. At the moment I merely remark on the oddity of a man delivering a denunciation of the Crusades to encourage a revival of the Crusaders.

It would be odd if the Free Churches, organising a Puritan revival, had started a club called the Iron-

sides (named after the famous troopers of Cromwell), and if they had then opened the proceedings by getting an Irish priest to deliver a flaming curse upon all Cromwell's soldiers for their cruelties at Wexford and Drogheda. It would be singular if a Stuart revival in the Scottish Highlands, with a pageant of the loyal clans organised by a club called the Jacobites, had as its spiritual director an aged Calvinist minister of the Covenanting tradition, who told them nothing but horrible stories about the black devilries of Claverhouse, and the savagery of the clans after the victories of Montrose. Yet there seems to be something odd about our use of mediæval terms, by which similar incongruities are not felt as incongruous. And that fact has a very curious interest in connection with the whole attitude of the modern mind about the mediæval revival. In spite of all the prejudices and perversions of historians, in spite of the crude traditions of commercial journalism, a sentiment of sympathy with the chivalric ages remains in common speech; and it is not yet possible to use the title of Godfrey and Tancred as a term of abuse. The term

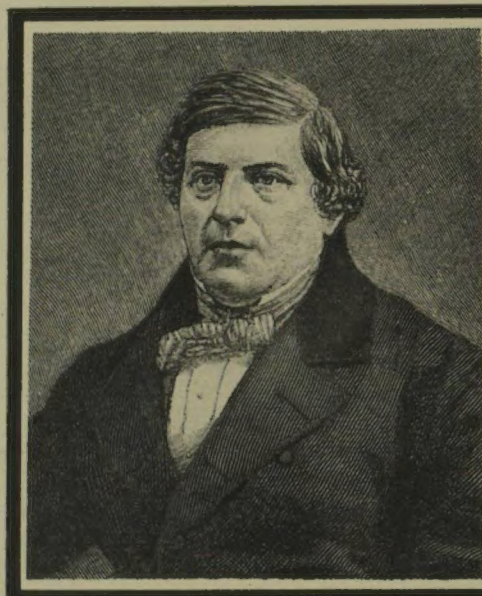
hundreds of forgotten romances about Sir Bevis and Sir Bleoberis and Sir Brastias rolled through an eternal forest; not in vain was great Godfrey set with Arthur and Alexander among the Nine Worthies; not in vain did our fathers tell and retell a thousand times how the swaying towers of timber went up for the storming of Jerusalem. The dead leaves of that forest were trampled till they made a soil; the thousand tongues of old gossip about Godfrey and the Nine Worthies have filled the world with echoes too confused to be ever silenced; and men remembered Godfrey when Allenby entered Jerusalem, while few were visiting the graves of Calvinist martyrs in the Netherlands or looking for the monument of Marshal Keith.

Cervantes did not really succeed in smiling Spain's chivalry away; he only succeeded in adding another admirable hero, for whom we all feel that we can express our admiration best by calling him chivalrous. The very persistence of the words is a tribute to the tradition. It is true that words

have occasionally a way of getting mixed; and it always strikes me as odd that "chivalrous" and "cavalier," which both merely mean a horseman, should sometimes be put to such opposite purposes. For to treat a lady in a cavalier way is not exactly the same as to treat her in a chivalrous way. But even an accident like this might be an illustration of what I mean; for we retain "cavalier" as the seventeenth-century mode or memory. And the seventeenth century was a time of swaggering factions and professional soldiery; and the mediæval ideal, at any rate, was really more pious and gentle and universal. Anyhow, the point is here that the mediæval ideal, though never realised, sank deep into our idiom and instinct. Hence even the names of its parties are now not merely party names; they can be used by anybody in a common fashion and rather a confused fashion, as in the case under consideration. Men have fallen into the habit of talking about a Crusade for anything or against anything. I remember a paper called the *Crusader* that was in favour of Prohibition; which would have puzzled Richard or Raymond not a little. Considering that the Moslems were Prohibitionists and the Crusaders were not, the title was a little odd. But, as I say,

men can talk now of a Crusade against anything. They are quite capable of talking about a Crusade against the Cross.

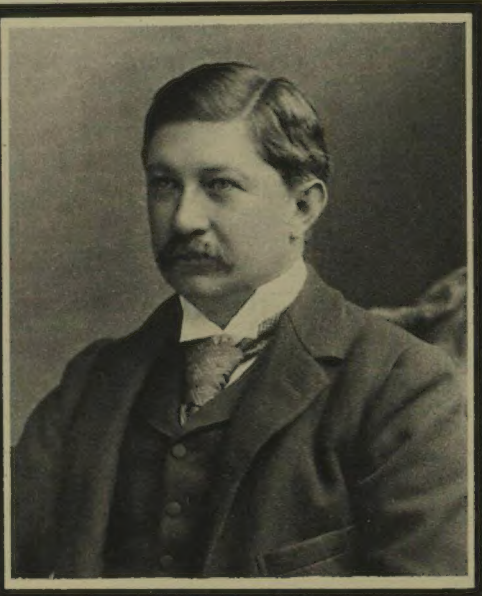
Very little historical information would be needed to tell the Dean that it was not Peter the Hermit, but Mahomet, who took the responsibility of rending in two the Pax Romana of religion and leaving a legacy of religious war. Hundreds of years before Peter was born or thought of, the Moslem fanaticism had poured over the Roman provinces. Hundreds of years before any European dreamed of going on a Crusade, Islam appeared in arms in the central fields of France. If it had not been broken then by the blow of Charles the Hammer, they might have substituted their creed and culture for ours, to the radiant satisfaction of all liberal and latitudinarian Deans. There would have appeared everywhere that emancipation of woman which has always accompanied the Seraglio, that encouragement of sculptors and portrait-painters which is peculiar to the Iconoclasts, that sympathetic rule enjoyed by the Armenians, and so on. But the Moslem attack failed; and was finally followed by a counter-attack. This also partly failed; but it was called the Crusades.



THE FOUNDER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": HERBERT INGRAM (1811-1860), FORMERLY M.P. FOR BOSTON, WHO STARTED THIS JOURNAL ON MAY 14, 1842.

We deeply regret to announce that Sir William Ingram died, at Westgate-on-Sea, on December 18. For many years he was the moving spirit and chief proprietor of "The Illustrated London News," as well as of the "Sketch" and of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." He was born on October 27, 1847. Like his father, the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, who founded "The Illustrated London News" in 1842, he was formerly M.P. for Boston, and was re-elected several times. In 1874 he married Miss Mary Stirling, daughter of the Hon. Edward Stirling, of Adelaide. In 1893 he was created a Baronet. Sir William Ingram leaves behind him many friends who deplore his loss, none more sincerely than the staffs of the papers with which he was so long and honourably associated.

The photograph of Sir William Ingram here published was taken some years ago, but no other is available.



SON OF THE FOUNDER, AND FOR LONG CHIEF PROPRIETOR OF THIS PAPER: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JAMES INGRAM, BT., WHO DIED ON DECEMBER 18 LAST.

Crusader or Crusade has sunk deep into the language of the English people and spread outwards to the widest popular applications. We might say it has grown great enough to be spelt with a small "c."

Nowadays a man does not call himself a Puritan unless he is specially and seriously in sympathy with the Puritans. Otherwise the mere reference to a person or a programme as "puritanical" is certainly a term of popular reproach. A man does not call himself a Jacobite unless he is a Jacobite. He does not use so defiant a definition unless he is really prepared to maintain that the Stuart cause was the hope of the nation. Otherwise, to be called a Jacobite, or even compared to a Jacobite, is to be compared to something hopeless. Men claiming the names of these seventeenth-century sects or parties are ready with definitions, because they feel they are on the defensive. They are ready to explain their names, because they feel that their names do not explain themselves. They feel that their names are hardly very popular or acceptable in themselves. But the notion of "crusading" has become picturesque and yet familiar in itself; and anybody can effectively use it, even the people who hate it. Not in vain have

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 1274, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE KHARTUM MUTINY: A BOMBARDED HOSPITAL.



SEIZED BY THE SUDANESE MUTINEERS (WHO KILLED MAJOR R. C. CARLYLE, R.A.M.C., AND TWO SYRIAN DOCTORS) AND AFTERWARDS SHELLLED: THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL AT KHARTUM—PART OF THE OUTER WALLS AFTER BOMBARDMENT.



"REDUCED BY SHELLING, BOMBS, AND SMALL-ARMS FIRE": WRECKAGE OF THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY MUTINOUS SUDANESE AT THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL IN KHARTUM—STRETCHER-BEARERS REMOVING THE DEAD.

An official communiqué issued at Khartum on November 29 said: "Two platoons of the 11th Sudanese Battalion mutinied on the afternoon of the 27th, instigated by disaffected officers. They occupied the Egyptian Military Hospital and compound, killing Major R. C. Carlyle, R.A.M.C., and two Syrian doctors. This position was finally reduced by shelling, bombs, and small-arms fire early on the afternoon of the 28th. . . . The main hospital, containing all the Egyptian Army sick, was untouched, although it is immediately behind the demolished building. This proves the excellence of the artillery fire, which had to register a direct hit at every shot." Another communiqué stated that on the morning

of November 28 the main body of the mutineers was located in a building in the compound of the Army Hospital. They fired on the advancing troops, and it was found necessary to demolish the building by artillery fire. One officer and 14 of the men in this building were reported to have been killed. The survivors surrendered. Two British officers—Captain Tunks, of the Leicestershire Regiment, and Second Lieutenant Maclaren, of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—and five men were killed in the action. Three of the mutinous Sudanese officers were executed at Khartum on December 5. A fourth was reprieved after having faced the firing party.

SEDUCTIVE FRUITS IN ECUADOR: WILD PRODUCTS OF NATURE'S ORCHARD—NOVELTIES FOR JAM AND THE DESSERT TABLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. WILSON POPENOE, AGRICULTURAL EXPLORER, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, PERU.

HIS ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE IN "NATURAL HISTORY" (NEW YORK), BY WHOSE COURTESY WE REPRODUCE THEM.



COMBINING THE FLAVOURS OF PINEAPPLE, STRAWBERRY, AND BANANA, WITH WHITE PULP LIKE ICE-CREAM: THE CHERIMOYA.

"EAT more fruit!" is an admonition that frequently meets the eye in London. If we lived in Ecuador, we might eat much more, for it possesses many varieties unknown here—some already cultivated and some still wild, awaiting the enterprising fruit-grower. Mr. Wilson Popenoe, an explorer for the United States Department of Agriculture, describes these seductive fruits in an article, "Hunting New Fruits in Ecuador," contributed to "Natural History." "One whose interests lie along pomological lines," he writes, "cannot imagine a region more replete with thrills than Ecuador. To begin with, there exists near Naranjito, not far from Guayaquil, one of the most remarkable collections of Asiatic fruits in South America. In fact, the only bearing mangosteen trees on the continent are to be found at this place—the Hacienda Payo. . . . Even more interesting than these are the native species which are found, wild or in cultivation, in the Ecuadorian highlands. Chief among them are the cherimoya, the capuli, the Chilean strawberry, the babaco, several blackberries and raspberries, and the naranjilla. . . . The cherimoya is a remarkable fruit. It has often been described as vegetable ice cream, because of its white flesh, which has the consistency of a firm custard, and is strikingly suggestive of delicate loz-

(Continued below.)



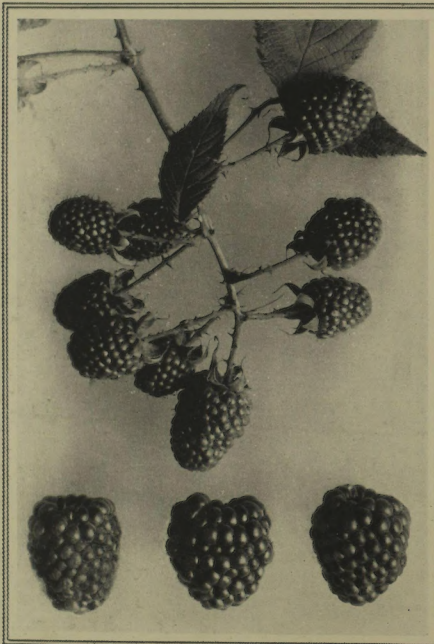
WITH YELLOW FRUITS A FOOT LONG THAT MAKE EXCELLENT JAM: THE BABACO (*CARICA PENTAGONA*), LARGELY CULTIVATED IN ECUADOR.



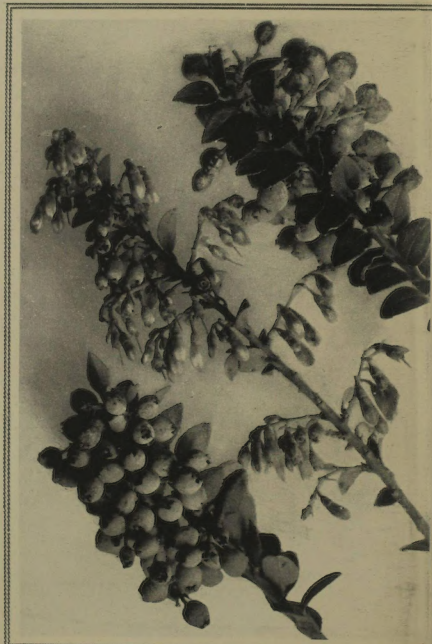
WHERE STRAWBERRIES RIPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR! STRAWBERRY-PICKERS AT GUACHI, NEAR AMBATO, WITH BASKET-LOADS OF THE CHILEAN STRAWBERRY (*FRAGARIA CHILDENSIS*).



USED FOR ICE-CREAMS AND DESSERT: THE FAVOURITE TACSO OF THE ANDES (*PASSIFLORA MOLLISSIMA*).



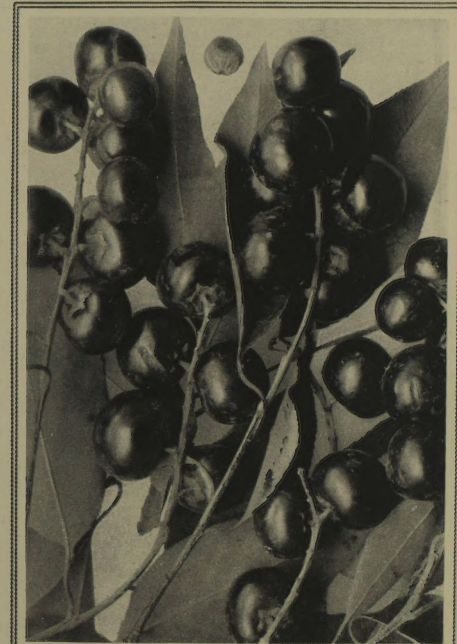
GROWING WILD ON MOUNTAINS FROM S. MEXICO TO PERU, AND CULTIVATED BOTH IN COLOMBIA AND ECUADOR: THE ANDES BERRY (*RUBUS GLAUCCUS*) RESEMBLING LOGANBERRIES.



ABUNDANT IN NORTHERN SOUTH AMERICA AT ALTITUDES BETWEEN 10,000 AND 12,000 FT.: THE ANDEAN BLUEBERRY (*VACCINIUM FLORIBUNDUM*) CALLED MORTINO IN ECUADOR.



FOUND ALONG TRIBUTARIES OF THE AMAZON IN SOUTHERN ECUADOR: THE GRANADILLA DE QUIJOS (*PASSIFLORA POPENOVII*), WITH BEAUTIFUL WHITE, BLUE, AND LILAC FLOWERS.



COMMONLY GROWN IN ECUADOR, PERU, GUATEMALA, COLOMBIA, AND MEXICO: CLUSTERS OF CAPULI, A CULTIVATED FORM OF THE BLACK CHERRY (*PRUNUS SEROTINA*) FROM AMBATO.

cream when chilled and served as a dessert. It has the combined flavours of pineapple, strawberry, and banana, and for sheer lusciousness is excelled by few other products of the vegetable kingdom. . . . Two years before visiting Ecuador, I had seen in Guatemala a remarkable berry, known to the Indians of that country as *lobus muk*. The plant resembled a raspberry in growth and appearance, while the fruit was like our loganberry but less tart in flavour. On reaching the Ecuadorian Andes, I found this same species, *Rubus glaucus*, playing the rôle of an important cultivated plant in the gardens of many highland towns. In fact, the *mora de Castilla*, as it is there called, may be considered one of the favourite fruits of the Ecuadorian highlands. . . . Already the Andes berry, as we have decided to call the *mora de Castilla*, has borne fruit in California and is doing well in the Gulf States and in the south-west generally. It is remarkable for its immense growth, as well as for the fine quality of its fruit. A single plant will cover the side of a small house or, if left to itself, will form a mound of verdure ten feet high and fifteen feet in spread. . . . Seventy years ago the English botanist Richard Spruce spent

several years in the Ecuadorian Andes. . . . During his stay in Ambato, Spruce was struck by the excellent quality of the strawberries grown in that region, and by the fact that they were on the market every day in the year. He told of large fields devoted to this plant near Guachi. This region still reproduces strawberries in abundance. . . . *Prunus serotina* is the wild black cherry of this country. History records that the Spanish first took it to Peru, where it is now as common as in Ecuador. . . . In Andean villages several remarkable species of *Carica* are cultivated. . . . The best of them is the babaco, grown principally in the Ambato region, but occasionally at Quito and elsewhere. The babaco is produced by a half-woody plant that attains a height of ten feet. The fruit is cylindrical in form, nearly a foot in length, and suggests a musk-melon in character. . . . Colombians, to a greater extent than Ecuadorians, appreciate and use the tacso, but the latter are by no means blind to its merits. This fruit, which belongs to the passion-flower family, is of the size and shape of a small banana."

HOW EMPEDOCLES STAYED THE MALARIA PLAGUE AT SELINUS.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT SICILIAN COINS JUST ADDED TO THE NATIONAL COLLECTION.

By G. F. HILL, Litt. D., LL.D., Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals in the British Museum. Author of "Coins of Ancient Sicily," etc.

THE interpretation of the designs on ancient coins often leads us into treacherous places, and the danger of giving too free play to symbolical explanations is obvious to anyone who has been properly trained in the subject. It is possible that the story which is generally accepted in explanation of the coins which are illustrated here would not come unscathed out of a searching criticism. But for the present it holds the field, and it comes so pat that we shall be sorry to lose any of it. We may say in preface that the occasion for the illustrations is the recent generous gift to the British Museum by Mr. A. H. Lloyd of no less than twelve varying specimens of the coins concerned.

Selinus in Sicily—represented by the modern Selinunte—was one of the westernmost Greek colonies in that island; it was founded by Megarians towards the end of the seventh century before Christ in a place which took its name from the wild celery plant (selinon) which flourished and still flourishes there. The two chief streams of the neighbourhood were called the Selinos and the Hypsas. It would seem that the site was not entirely healthy. In the period of its greatest prosperity—that period when so many of the Sicilian cities, freed for a time from the Carthaginian terror by the great victory at Himera in 480 B.C., rose to the height of their wealth and power—Selinus was devastated by some kind of malaria. The people died, and

could be found in a single individual. Such a universalist was Empedocles of Agrigentum, whose life corresponds roughly with the first two-thirds of the fifth century B.C. The Selinuntines appealed to him. From the rather uncritical biography by Diogenes Laertius we gather that he connected the channels of the two streams, thus obtaining a stronger

at an altar of the god of health, beside which stands a cock—it will be remembered that a cock was one of the victims which might be sacrificed to the physician deity, Æsculapius. In his left hand he holds a branch for sprinkling water in the ceremony of purification. Behind him, on a pedestal, is the statue of a bull, and above that a leaf of wild celery, the heraldic badge of the city. Why the bull? Because the primitive Greek personification of a river took the form of a bull, the enormous force of which seemed to illustrate aptly the irresistible power of a mountain stream. This primitive symbol was gradually humanised; first the bull was given a human head, and finally the river was represented, as here Selinos, by a figure human in everything but the horns on his forehead. We may guess that a statue of the bull was set up by the people of Selinus as a sort of offering to the power of nature, which might be offended by the philosopher's curtailment of his energies. On the smaller coins we find Heracles, representative of health and strength and light, subduing the Cretan bull—an allegory apt to the occasion—and the other river-god, Hypsas, likewise sacrificing to the health-god. This



BELIEVED TO COMMEMORATE THE CITY'S DELIVERANCE FROM MALARIA BY EMPEDOCLES: A COIN OF SELINUS OF ABOUT 480 B.C.—THE TWO SIDES: (LEFT) HERACLES SUBDUING THE CRETAN BULL; (RIGHT) HYPASAS, A RIVER-GOD, SACRIFICING TO ÆSCULAPIUS, THE GOD OF HEALING.

In his article on this page, Mr. George F. Hill, the eminent numismatist in charge of the Department of Coins and Medals at the British Museum, explains the accepted interpretation of the two ancient coins of Selinus in Sicily (here illustrated) which have just been presented to the Museum by Mr. A. H. Lloyd. They are believed to commemorate the deliverance of the city from a plague of malaria, shortly after 480 B.C., by the philosopher Empedocles, who "connected the channels of the two streams," Selinus and Hypsas, thus forming a stronger current in place of sluggish or stagnant water. It would be interesting to learn whether Empedocles knew anything about the *Anopheles* mosquito. One face of the above coin (on the left) is inscribed "Selinos" and the other "Hypsas." The serpent of Æsculapius is coiled round the altar at which Hypsas is sacrificing. Above, to the right, is a leaf of wild celery (*selinon*) after which the city was named, and below it is an aquatic bird disgusted with the drainage of its favourite swamp.

Photographs from Casts specially made for "The Illustrated London News." By Courtesy of the British Museum.

current. Anyhow, the pestilence came to an end, and the grateful Selinuntines accorded divine honours as the fee for his expert advice. The coins in question seem to carry many allusions to this episode. On the larger pieces we see in a chariot Apollo, the sun-god,

time the attribute of the deity who receives the libation is a serpent, which we also know as the constant attendant of Æsculapius. An almost humorous touch is given by the long-legged bird which stalks away out of the picture; his favourite



STRUCK AT SELINUS SOME 2400 YEARS AGO, WHEN EMPEDOCLES STAYED A MALARIA PLAGUE: BOTH FACES OF AN ANCIENT SICILIAN COIN—(LEFT) THE HORNED RIVER-GOD SELINOS SACRIFICING TO ÆSCULAPIUS; (RIGHT) APOLLO, THE SUN-GOD, IN HIS CHARIOT, WITH HIS SISTER ARTEMIS.

Both faces of this coin bear the word "Selinos." On the left one, by the altar, is a cock, that recalls the dying words of Socrates—"We owe a cock to Æsculapius." The bull represents the original form of river-gods, gradually humanised, and in the figure of Selinos seen only in the horns. The celery leaf again appears. On the other face of this coin, Apollo in his chariot is shooting the health-giving arrows of the sun's rays. The philosopher of Agrigentum, a neighbouring city, who

conquered malaria at Selinus, is the subject of Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem, "Empedocles on Etna," where we read: "He could stay swift diseases in old days, Chain madmen by the music of his lyre, Cleanse to sweet airs the breath of poisonous streams, And in the mountain-chinks inter the winds." The poem leads up to the moment when, according to one tradition, Empedocles committed suicide by leaping into the crater of Etna.

the women suffered more than the usual pains of childbirth. In those days the departments of knowledge were less rigidly marked off than now, and a philosopher, physician, man of science, and engineer, not to say statesman, orator, poet, and prophet,

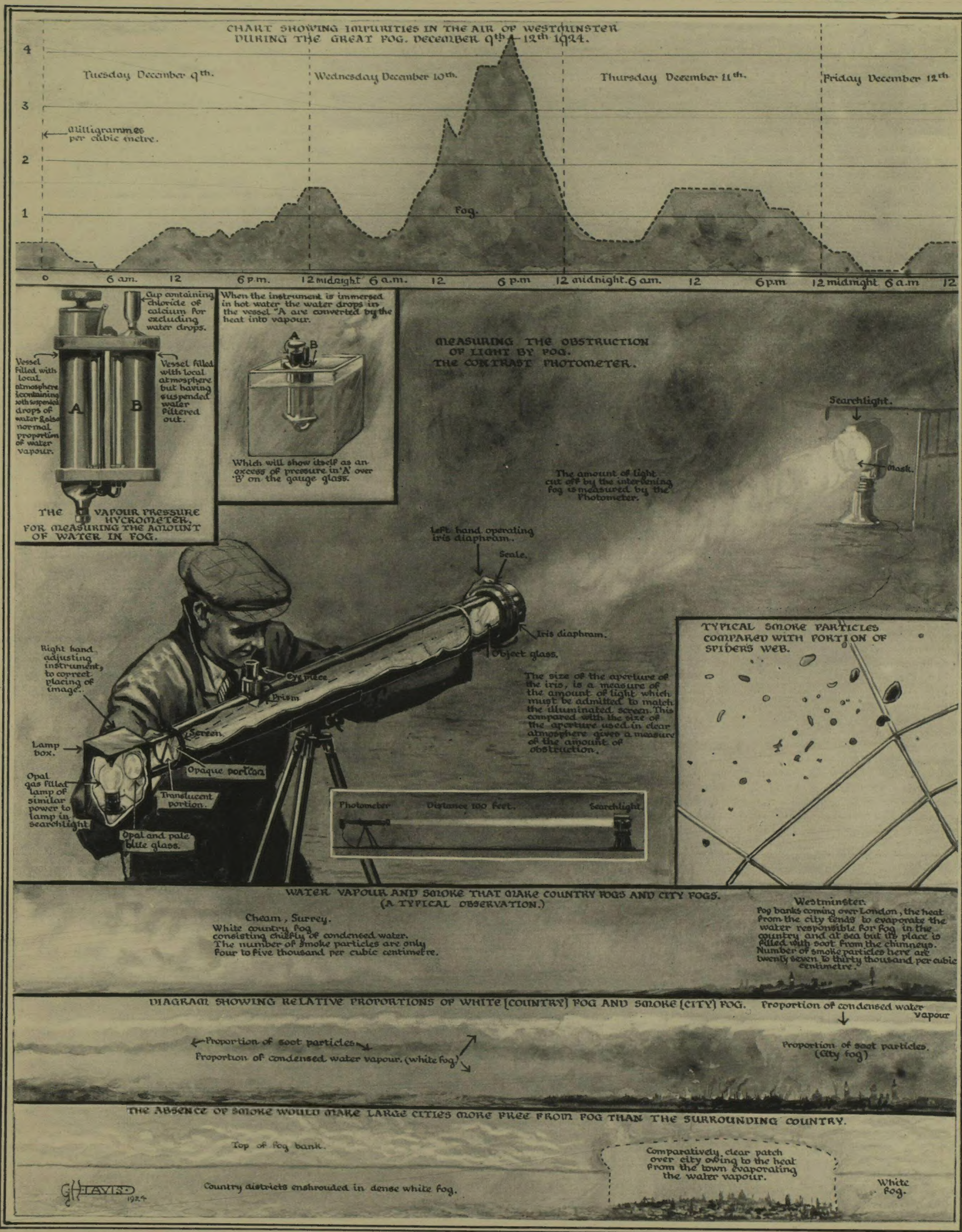
with his sister Artemis, the goddess who presided over childbirth. Apollo shoots forth his arrows, the sun's healing rays, while Artemis holds the reins. On the reverse is the youthful figure of the river-god, Selinos, with small horns sprouting from his forehead, sacrificing

marshy haunts are desecrated, and he retires in high dudgeon.

But Selinus itself continued to flourish exceedingly, until it was destroyed amid scenes of dreadful carnage by the Carthaginians in 409 B.C.

THE "LONDON PARTICULAR": HOW SCIENCE STUDIES THE NATURE OF FOG.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY DR. J. J. OWENS, HONORARY SECRETARY TO THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION.



MEASURING, CHARTING, AND LEARNING THE COMPOSITION OF FOG: THE CONTRAST PHOTOMETER AND THE VAPOUR-PRESSURE HYGROMETER.

It is only within comparatively recent years that it has been possible to perfect instruments for measuring the composition of fog and its obstruction of light, and for getting a nearer acquaintance with the Fog Fiend himself. The Contrast Photometer, which is an instrument devised for measuring the obstruction of light by fog, and the Vapour-Pressure Hygrometer, which measures the amount of water in fog, are two of the important instruments which have only recently been invented. The Contrast Photometer is used in conjunction with a searchlight, both instruments having a lamp of the same power and connected together. The measurement is made by the aperture in the iris of the Photometer being compared with the size required in clear air and the opening required in fogs of varying density. This difference in the size of aperture gives a measure of the obstruction. The Hygrometer is made up of two vessels of equal size, one

containing a sample of the local atmosphere in its original state, and the other containing another sample with the suspended water filtered out. When the Hygrometer is immersed in hot water, the water drops in the vessel "A" are converted into vapour, and the resulting excess of pressure in "A" over "B" is registered on the gauge-glass of the instrument, and by the use of a simple formula, taking into consideration the excess of pressure and the temperature of the hot-water bath, the correct amount of moisture in the fog is ascertained. Other diagrams show how water vapour largely makes up country fogs, and smoke that of the "London particular." If it were possible to prevent chimney smoke rising from a great city, that city would be always freer from fog than the country, owing to heat from the town evaporating the water vapour, an important constituent of the white type of fog—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE AND HUMAN DESTINY.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ONE of the grandest dreams of the nineteenth century was the creation of a Science of Man which was to find, in laboratories, in museums, and in libraries, the secret of human destiny. Whence do we come? Whither are we going? What are we intended to do in this world, during the short time allowed to each generation? Those are the eternal problems which successive civilisations have endeavoured to solve. The nineteenth century sought a new solution, arrived at by novel methods.

It was in order to attain that solution that, having created the science of natural history, it proceeded to create the sciences which take man for their study—anthropology, ethnology, glottology, comparative philology, pre-historic and historic archaeology, Egyptology, Assyriology, the history of religions, general psychology, the psychology of nations, sociology, political economy, statistics, demography, and criminology. All these may be considered as branches of a single science—the science of man. Nearly all were born in the eighteenth century, but it was during the nineteenth century that they developed, became aware of their own strength, and aspired to govern the world by giving it the key to the present, the past, and the future. . . .

What are the eternal laws which regulate the lives of nations, the waxing and waning of population, the production and distribution of wealth, the wars and revolutions of States, the prosperity, decadence, and death of civilisations and peoples? What are the causes and remedies of social evils, of pauperism, of alcoholism, of criminality, suicide, and madness? During the last century thousands of learned men amassed knowledge, collected statistics, founded laboratories, created doctrines, and made experiments, in order to find answers which would have the definite and eternal value of scientific truth.

But the study of the present did not suffice for those ambitious scientists. They wished to annex the past to their domain—the whole past, back to the furthest reaches of time. How was the planetary system formed in the solar nebula? Through what vicissitudes did our planet pass before taking its present form? How did the different animal and vegetable species come into being? Where must the Eden of the sacred legends be looked for? In what part or parts of the world did man first appear? Was there originally one race of men or several, and why was the human family composed of different races? How did men learn to talk and why are there so many different languages? Into what phonetic or ideological laws can science translate the myth of the Tower of Babel? What road did the races and peoples take in order to populate the earth? For how many thousands of centuries has man been accomplishing his task under the sun? How did he pass from barbarism to civilisation? When, where, and how did he first discover cereals and metals, begin to tame the wild animals, invent the alphabet, law, political institutions, architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the other arts? How many religions has he created; what were their secret sources, their transformations, their contacts? What was the secret of the vanished civilisations which have left only mute traces of themselves, veritable enigmas, disseminated haphazard over the face of the globe? What happened in that immense space of time which preceded the historical epochs?

Thousands of learned men, for many generations, have sought decisive, indisputable, scientifically demonstrable answers to these questions, while a smaller number, more audacious or more romantic, have adventured into the future: as, with the aid of science, man was conversant with the past and the present, could he not, with the same aid, create the future; that is to say, a richer, more just, wiser, and happier civilisation than those that history has made known to us?

About thirty years ago, when I was studying at the University of Bologna, the faith of the century in the power of the sciences which studied man and history was still intact. Definite solutions had been found or were imminent. Geology thought it had reconstructed, at least in its main lines, the history of the earth. The disciples of Darwin were convinced that they knew how the prodigious numbers and complications of vegetable and animal varieties had gradually been produced from protoplasm until *homo sapiens* had been reached. The

anthropologist read without the least uncertainty the most obscure secrets of history in skulls; those who studied the science of language found the same certainty in roots and words. The archaeologists and the philologists knew that Homer had never existed, and how had been composed the poems attributed to him, which had been naively admired as the work of a genius for so many generations; and they were convinced that they knew the origins of Rome far better than the Romans themselves. Criticism rejected the history of Christianity, and even asked if Christ were not a myth? . . .

There was a certain grandeur in this absolute faith in the results of their researches which animated the men of the nineteenth century. But will it die out like so many other enthusiasms? Is the modern spirit about to admit that the nineteenth century, deceived by its pride and by a blind confidence in its own strength, was following the wrong road? Are we about to disown more or less openly, even in its intellectual dreams, the great century in which we were born, and which it is now almost fashionable, in certain circles, to discredit?

It is no longer doubtful that a prudent reserve has to-day more and more replaced the impetus which half a century

restraint of the writer's conclusions. The method of M. Pittard is rigorously scientific, and generally comes to the conclusion that it is impossible to conclude anything. What seemed to be definite conclusions thirty years ago are no longer anything but more or less likely conjectures.

Anthropologists have gathered together an enormous quantity of human remains and of articles belonging to prehistoric epochs. But the only certain conclusion that we draw from that immense material is that the thirty centuries of which we know the approximate history are only the outcome of a long preceding period of which we know hardly anything. For a century past an enormous work has been done, in measuring, distinguishing, and classifying the human races. It has been possible to classify precisely a certain number of races (those by which Europe is peopled are six in number) clearly differentiated by constant physical characteristics: figure, colour of the hair, shape of the skull and face, etc. But beyond their existence and their geographical distribution, we cannot affirm much; neither where nor how those races were formed, nor whence they came, nor why their characteristics, ceaselessly replunged into the melting-pot of the incessant mixture of individuals, always reappear and seem to be indestructible.

M. Pittard never forgets to point out to us not only what we know, but the things of which we are ignorant; and, alas! that which we do not know is very often more important than what we know. This reserve and this restraint are not only to be found in the researches of anthropologists; they show a tendency to become general in all historical studies. The questions of which the nineteenth century was fondest—the origin and development of language, the race problems, Biblical criticism, the Homeric question, the enigmas of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Roman history—are now beginning to be discussed with a calmness better able to distinguish what is really certain from what is only probable. It is more and more clearly perceived that the nineteenth century took too easily as definite solutions, proved by the infallible laws of physics or of chemistry, various conjectures which, though they were sometimes brilliant and ingenious, were always disputable. A strong collective infatuation had fixed in the form of eternal, scientifically demonstrated truths hypotheses which changed with the credulity of succeeding generations.

To sum up, the somewhat unexpected conclusion which the immense labour of the nineteenth century in the sciences which study man and his history seems to have arrived at is that human memory is short. We know only a very little of what man has done on the earth. We have no means of penetrating the immense mystery of man's first appearance in the world, of the origin of languages and civilisations, the first inventions and discoveries, such as the taming of domestic animals, the culture of cereals, and metallurgy, which were of far greater importance in their day than the invention of railways and aeroplanes in our own. One might even say that the efforts which we make to lighten the darkness which enshrouds these matters serves only to render it denser.

The nineteenth century was one of frenzied activity even in archaeology and history. It searched all Europe and part of Africa and Asia with untiring energy. It found a fabulous quantity of articles, inscriptions, monuments, human relics of all kinds and of all epochs; it discovered and brought to light vast burial-grounds and whole towns; it deciphered several forgotten systems of writing. And yet all these discoveries, instead of solving the old problems, only resulted in propounding a great number of even more obscure new ones.

M. Pittard's book proves this in an enlightening manner, especially the first part of it—that which is devoted to prehistoric archaeology. Everywhere one continues to discover tombs, burial grounds, human remains, arms and artistic objects. But all these new discoveries, like the skeletons discovered in the caves of Baussé-Roussé (in the Principality of Monaco), or the statuettes of women found in the same caves and at Willendorf (Lower Austria), which by the strange formation of a portion of their bodies are reminiscent of the women of the Bushmen, only form new enigmas which complicate the preceding ones and add one more conjecture to those with which the already fragile edifice of the preceding hypotheses is laden.

It is the same with the discoveries which archaeology is accumulating in Egypt. What efforts were made after the great discoveries of Champollion, to unravel the riddle of the Pharaohs! And yet, read the little, concise book, which also comes from Switzerland, "The History of Egyptian Civilisation," by M. Jequier, Professor at the University of Neuchâtel, and you will see how each new



THE LATEST FLEET SUBMARINE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: "V1."

The Fleet Submarine "V1" is the latest underwater craft of the United States Navy, and reported at the Washington Navy Yard early this month. It is so designed that it will be able to keep up with the Fleet during manœuvres. It is the first of its class—2114-2520 tons, and estimated 7500-h.p. It has one 5-in. gun, one 3-in. A.A. gun, and six 21-in. torpedo-tubes.

Photograph supplied by Topical.

ago caused all the sciences of humanity to seek after truth with the certainty of finding it. I never felt this more strongly than when I read "Les Races et l'Histoire," which M. Eugène Pittard, the eminent professor of anthropology at the University of Geneva, has just published.* It is a book written in a clear, pleasant style, rich in erudition, but supple and not heavy, which sets out what we know about human races—those which still exist, and those that have disappeared. In it the work of a century is epitomised in a system of facts and coherent doctrines, supported by solid directing ideas and demonstrated by a rigorously scientific method which always resists the lure of the imagination. By reading it, we are assured of learning all that man has discovered about himself, as a living being, in a century of unremitting work.

What struck me most with regard to this book, in comparing it with the books which I read and the lectures on this subject I attended when, as a young student, I too was a fervent disciple of the science of man, was the extreme

* Published by La Renaissance du Livre, Paris.

THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND AT HOME.

FROM THE CAMERA-STUDY BY E. O. HOPPE.



AT HER WRITING-TABLE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

This delightful study of her Majesty the Queen shows her seated at her writing-table at Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty is wearing that particular shade of

dress will observe that she has some of her fine pearls arranged in the style of the moment—as a tight string worn closely round the neck. The pose is a characteristic one, as her Majesty spends much time attending to her correspondence.

THE NATION'S "VALHALLA," TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE TOMB OF A BRITISH KING, THE LARGEST MONUMENT UNDER THE NAME OF "THE NATION'S VALHALLA," BEING THE MONUMENT OF KING ALFRED.



THE TOMB OF A BRITISH KING, THE LARGEST MONUMENT UNDER THE NAME OF "THE NATION'S VALHALLA," BEING THE MONUMENT OF KING ALFRED.



THE TOMB OF A BRITISH KING, THE LARGEST MONUMENT UNDER THE NAME OF "THE NATION'S VALHALLA," BEING THE MONUMENT OF KING ALFRED.

The tomb of King Alfred, the last of the Anglo-Saxon line, is a masterpiece of Anglo-Saxon art. It is a large, ornate structure, with a central figure, possibly a statue or relief, set within a recessed niche. The figure is seated on a throne, and the entire structure is surrounded by intricate carvings and sculptures. The tomb is located in the choir of Westminster Abbey, and it is one of the most important monuments in the church.



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FROM A ROMAN EMPEROR'S SUBMERGED VILLA?—BAY OF BAIÆ RELICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES."



ROMAN WATER-PIPES: TWO PIECES OF LEAD PIPING, THE LOWER ONE INSCRIBED "IMP. CAES. L. SEPTIMI SEVERI PERT. AUG."



RECENTLY DREDGED UP IN THE BAY OF BAIÆ: FRAGMENTS OF PILLAR CAPITALS, ENTABLATURES, AND PARTS OF STATUES (A HAND AND A FOOT).



BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED WITH PUTTI (CUPIDS), CORNUCOPIAS, AND WREATHS: A PARTICULARLY FINE PIECE OF ENTABLATURE FROM THE BAY OF BAIÆ.



BELIEVED TO REPRESENT A PRIESTESS OF VESTA: A COMPLETE STATUE AMONG THE TREASURES DREDGED UP FROM THE SEA NEAR NAPLES.



CARVED WITH THE FIGURE OF AN EAGLE: ANOTHER FRAGMENT FOUND IN THE BAY OF BAIÆ DURING DREDGING OPERATIONS.

The Bay of Baiæ, near Naples, was a fashionable resort in the days of imperial Rome, and its shores were lined with magnificent villas. The finest of them were built out into the sea, as shown in a mural painting at Pompeii. Since that time, however, there has been a gradual subsidence of the shore, and the ancient coast road has sunk more than three feet. A few weeks ago, in the course of dredging operations for deepening the bay, there were brought up from a depth of about 12 ft. a quantity of fragments, from an ancient villa, including busts and statues, mosaics, marble slabs, parts of columns, capitals, and entab-

latures, and pieces of lead piping, one of them (as shown above) inscribed with the name of the Emperor Septimius Severus. It is believed, therefore, that the objects found may have formed part of the imperial villa. Besides the statue shown above, there were a headless and mutilated Eros and the bust of a bearded Dionysus—all in Græco-Roman style. The marble and alabaster fragments are of great richness and variety, and the sections of entablature—notably that with the *putti* frieze here illustrated—are beautifully worked. Portions of an arch indicate that the building to which it belonged was one of great splendour.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE iron of periodical journalism has entered, late in the day, but deeply, into the kindly soul of Mr. H. G. Wells. In his latest book he makes a confession that will win him the sympathy of all scribes—

Forever doomed, Ixion-like, to reel
On weekly journalism's burning wheel.

May the shade of Kingsley pardon me that impious parody, with its halting foot in the second line! But, fine points of prosody apart, the affliction that has overtaken Mr. Wells arose from his rash, light-hearted promise to contribute to the Press one article a week for the space of a solar year, or a little over; for it seems he wrote, in all, five-and-fifty of these occasional papers, which are now republished in "A YEAR OF PROPHECYING" (Fisher Unwin; 10s.). The book contains many noteworthy things, but, to the hack writer, none so memorable and encouraging as the author's frank admission that now he too, even in his Olympian eminence, knows where the "regular contributor's" shoe pinches.

Perhaps his confession may awaken a pang of pardonable envy; for Mr. Wells is luckily free to declare that never more will he provide the "standing-dish" to the menu of any journal. But if there be jealousy in the hearts of those bound to the grindstone without hope of escape, there is also gratitude that a writer with a world-wide audience has condescended to make known to the great public the private woe of a comparatively obscure and unimportant section of quill-drivers. When I say "comparatively obscure and unimportant," I speak in the mass, well knowing the illustrious exceptions who brave the weekly task, year in and year out, without a murmur. One would have assumed that long ere this Mr. Wells had come up against this sorrow of periodicity, but it seems not to be so, and his state is thereby the more gracious and the readier matter for congratulation. At last, however, he has found it out (or it him) and very handsome and heart-warming is his acknowledgment that to supply "copy" punctually to an hour even once a week is no joke. One is not always in the mood to write, nor will the subject suggest itself readily. But after his year of trial he exclaims: "My admiration for the masters of journalism has grown to immense proportions after these efforts. Their confidence! Their unstrained directness! Their amazing certainty of their length! And their unfaltering quality!"

Mr. Wells's last chapter is his preface. There he reviews himself with that unsparing hand which he lays upon every question he touches. The League of Nations, the Empire, Currency, General Elections, Women—what not? At times he is too hard on his own journalism, for the old Press hands will be the first to acknowledge that, as a general rule, he has passed the tests of directness and quality with professional skill. That he should be iconoclastic was inevitable, but he is also constructive in these papers, particularly on education, where, however, he often discounts his desirable idealism with a fierce intolerance towards classical literature and history that makes the judicious grieve. It is Mr. Wells's misfortune never to have been led by the right paths into that kingdom of the mind. He has halted on a very unattractive threshold and has turned away with disgust and rancour. Perhaps his own Mr. Lewisham, dismally grinding at Horace to a time-table and without proper guidance, explains this attitude.

Many things in these combative essays strike a curious note of contrast with the spirit and purpose of several books in the current publishing lists. While Mr. Wells continually attacks shibboleths and accepted notions, the writing world still perseveres in methods of thought which his reforming genius would consign to the scrap-heap, and, wrong or right, it contrives to make respectable volumes out of material and views which a progressive iconoclast might consider hopelessly outworn. For example, after reading Mr. Wells's delightfully caustic sketch of London Society as he saw it at the inaugural meeting of the League of Nations—"the social collectors, Mrs. Asquith and her set, all the much-photographed and the much-talked-about, swarming up upon the Westminster platform, pushing well into the limelight, nodding and gesticulating to each other, as gay as if they were at a fashionable wedding"—I happened to take up a book of memoirs in which the upper world is reflected very much at home. Here it reveals itself in its intimacies, its neat, clipped jargon, its pretty, amiable correspondence, its Christian names, its fads and hobbies, its kindness and malice, all taken quite seriously as matters of course, and apparently with no suspicion that its days are numbered.

"Regardless of their doom, the little victims play," in the sunshine of royal favour, and so contentedly assured of their own importance that they never pause to doubt their own efficacy. The point of view is that of a member of one of those influential English families that became by talent and opportunity almost dynastic, and it must be confessed that such records as "FROM MY TOWER," by Walburga Lady Paget (Hutchinson; 2 Vols.; 42s.), make entertaining reading, if they are not always so instructive as her previous work, which was more concerned with the diplomatic world than these private memoirs. Mr. Wells's anti-aristocratic and lukewarmly Royalist

writing may not be the very best preparation for Lady Paget's exalted gossip, but there is a frail side to human nature that finds such records irresistible. And, as a picture of a circle that may soon be no more than a social curiosity, they have a measure of historical value.

The sense of contrast reasserted itself when one turned from Mr. Wells's onslaught upon the "Latin illusion" in his essay "The Mandarins at the Gate," to a writer so possessed with that illusion (although in a different form from that of peccant Headmasters and a villainously reactionary Classical Association) that he devotes a whole chapter to the task of explaining "Why Rome is Eternal." Ardent reformers may count such a proposition mere fiddling while the city is in question—that is, the world—is burning, but the speculative student of the past is not yet suppressed, never will be suppressed, even when we arrive at the new heaven and the new earth—Utopia, Unlimited—and such a study as "THE POPE" (Hutchinson; 18s.), partisan though it be, is worth consideration. The author, M. Jean Carrère, correspondent of *Le Temps* in Rome, has here realised a dream of twenty years: that of making a synthetic history of the two Romes, the Rome of the Vatican and the Rome of the Quirinal.

Looking back upon antiquity, he finds Imperial Rome no more likely to be eternal than Babylon or Nineveh or Carthage, but for one circumstance—"had there not come a certain Peter of Galilee and his companions."



BY AN ARTIST WHOSE PEN WORK IS OF MICROSCOPIC TEXTURE: "TÊTE BASQUE," A REMARKABLE PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY G. L. BROCKHURST.

Further examples of Mr. Brockhurst's wonderful drawings and etchings, now on view at the Grosvenor Galleries, are given on the opposite page.

By Courtesy of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.

M. Carrère, after an ingenious, perhaps too ingenious, but still interesting explanation and defence of Peter's denial, reviews the history of the Papacy, and so leads up to his main discussion, "the Roman Question," of which the crucial point is that "if it is impossible for the Pope to renounce his seat in Rome, it is equally impossible for him to renounce his claims to some temporal power." One would have felt more confidence in M. Carrère as a historian of times earlier than his own, had he seemed to be aware that St. Peter's reputed occupancy of the see of Rome is unhistorical, and that even the Fisherman's visits to the Eternal City are at the best shadowy; but, when the correspondent of *Le Temps* writes of the two Romes as he knows them intimately to-day, he is on firm ground, and has clarified our knowledge of one corner of European politics.

Mr. Wells tilts at the average historian for his lack of precision in language. "He slops the word 'Empire' over the whole face of history: Athenian Empire and Aztec Empire, Shang Empire and Sung Empire, Empire of Alexander and Roman Empire, Mongol Empire and Hittite Empire, British Empire and Brazilian Empire—it's all the same to him." Between Mr. Wells and one conception of British Imperialism there is no love lost: he refuses to

take any sentimental or flag-wagging view of the British Dominions or Dependencies overseas. When he prophesies on the "Future of the British Empire"—his swingeing essay—with all its hard hitting at "besotted Imperialists," scores an obvious bull's-eye in the statement that the question how far the Empire will play a leading part in any world federation "depends very much upon the educational and general creative energy of these communities and upon their power of casting aside crippling prejudices and outworn ideas." In the next essay, one of the liveliest in the book—its title is the briefest of all, and is simply "Winston"—Mr. Wells lays Mr. Churchill across his knee and deals with him accordingly for having spoken of the "British inheritance accumulated by the thrift and effort of so many centuries." This Mr. Wells considers "the poorest platform nonsense." "Putting it as gently as possible, the present British Empire is not an inheritance, but a series of—shall we say?—acquisitions, and mostly very recent acquisitions. What is the good of canting in the face of facts? We didn't save up India; Australia wasn't the reward of Abstinence." No "Romance of the Empire" about Mr. Wells.

But, as they were saying last week in the Westminster play (the "Phormio" of Terence, which I enjoyed hugely, and not least the always ingenious topical Epilogue), *quot homines tot sententia*. One of the otherwise-minded is Sir Philip Gibbs, who has had the courage or the ineptitude,

according as you look at it, to call one of his latest books (the industrious Knight has published at least three in the last month or so) "THE ROMANCE OF EMPIRE" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). Controversy as to the rightness or wrongness of Empire apart, there is here a great story to tell of the "series of acquisitions," and Sir Philip tells it admirably. In his preface he says that "the most peace-loving idealist need not be ashamed of the thrill that moves him when he reads the records of men who fought hard and dared many dangers, and suffered every kind of hardship, with such admirable disdain of ease."

Among those who detest war and who have seen its ultimate horrors with their own eyes, Sir Philip is not the least of peace-loving idealists, and that is possibly the reason why he makes haste to add, "but really the Empire was gained not so much by fighting and bloodshed as by courage of a quiet kind. . . . Soldiers and sailors naturally have most of the popular homage, but no less honour should be given to those farmers and merchants and thrifty traders who dared greatly and suffered much for no higher aim than a prosperous home and a peaceful life. This is the true glory of the Empire." Perilous words, with Mr. Wells about. Sir Philip may yet join Mr. Churchill across the prophet's knee. Be that as it may, as a record of fact to which only an obscurantist would shut his eyes, this book is excellently well done. Readers of all ages will enjoy its graphic narrative, but to boys especially it will be a coveted possession. It is Christmas-time—the line of action for grown-ups is obvious. For my own part, I sat up very late over Sir Philip's story of the South African War. Students of South African affairs will take care to read Sir Lionel Phillips's new book, "SOME REMINISCENCES" (Hutchinson; 18s.), a record of personal experiences for the last half-century.

The accidents of "pen-drift," as Mr. De Morgan used to call it, and the use I have made of Mr. Wells's book as a source of cues on which other books might make their entrances, have not, I trust, betrayed me into unfairness towards "A Year of Prophecy." Let me hasten to qualify an impression, perhaps too negative, thus far, in its result, by an acknowledgment of the passion for the betterment of humanity and the bold, shrewd, and often desirable suggestion of schemes for world improvement underlying every one of these essays, the fruit of an irksome "periodicity" of production from which the author has now happily shaken himself free. However one may differ from the seer on points of detail, a prophet is of no use if he prophesies only smooth things, and the harder he hits the greater the respect he inspires, even when he may seem at times to be a trifle wrong-headed.

The curious legacy of a prophet who had no honour in his own country while he lived forms the theme of the most arresting of recent novels. The legacy of Albert Sanger, composer, was an amazing family of children by different mothers. Three of the family, charming, precocious, half-savage brats brought up anyhow in the Austrian Tyrol, were suddenly launched upon respectable, not to say academic, English society. The best of them, Tessa, a woman before her time, loved an unaccountable young English composer, with whose prim yet passionate wife, her cousin, she fights a duel to the death. It is a mad world to which Miss Margaret Kennedy introduces us in "THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a world where all conventional values are as nothing, and containing situations that would be intolerable were it not that the writer's art, her humour and humanity, cajole us to follow her, bewitched, to the last note of her symphony, which affords a parallel in literature to much that is of the most bizarre and challenging in modern music.

A MASTER OF THE MICROSCOPIC LINE: THE BROCKHURST TOUCH.

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS BY G. L. BROCKHURST, R.E. BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO.



POSSESSING "GREAT CHARM OF SENTIMENT AND SWEETNESS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP": "XÉNIA"—AN ETCHING BY G. L. BROCKHURST, R.E.



ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MR. G. L. BROCKHURST'S WORK IN ETCHING, SHOWN AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES: "NADEJDA."



"AS TECHNICAL ACHIEVEMENTS NEVER SURPASSED BY ANY BRITISH DRAUGHTSMAN": ONE OF MR. BROCKHURST'S PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS—"AGALIA."



HIS "MASTERY OVER PENCIL IS NOT LESS PERFECT": "SIMONE"—A PENCIL DRAWING BY G. L. BROCKHURST, EXHIBITED AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERIES.

Very high praise has been accorded the drawings and etchings of Mr. Gerald L. Brockhurst, recently placed on view by Messrs. Colnaghi at the Grosvenor Galleries in Bond Street. His pen-and-ink drawings are remarkable for the close and minute texture of the cross-hatching, which is only visible through a strong magnifying glass. The effect is a rounded smoothness as of polished bronze. The artist's work has been compared to that of Leonardo da Vinci. The critic of the "Morning Post" says of some of his etchings that they are "controlled by a technical tyranny of transcendent beauty in most cases. Those that enjoy a happy relief from severity of handling have a great charm of sentiment and sweetness of craftsmanship. . . . The drawings are even more remarkable than

the etchings. As technical achievements they have never been surpassed by any British draughtsman employing pen and ink as a medium. 'Agalia' (and others) . . . reveal a marvellous combination of conscience, sight, character, and craft expressed by the point of a pen. Mastery over pencil is not less perfect," as in "Simone." Mr. Brockhurst, who hails from Birmingham, where he won many local prizes in his earlier days, was awarded the British Prix de Rome in 1913. His work was interrupted by the war between 1914 and 1920. A chronological catalogue of his etchings, by Mr. Harold J. L. Wright, appears in the December number of "The Print-Collector's Quarterly," with an article by Mr. Hugh Stokes.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

HOW WE FOUNDED THE RENAISSANCE THEATRE.—LILLEBIL IBSEN.

IT happened like this, with the suddenness of lightning. While in Hungary I read that Miss Alice Fredman had severed her connection with the Stage Society and the Phoenix. To me this was, in a sense, welcome tidings, although I much regretted the parting of the ways by old associates. But Miss Alice Fredman is an organiser in a thousand—a kind of Carl Hentschel in skirts. For years I wished to attach her to my artistic enterprises, but circumstances and decorum forbade my trying to win her over. Had she been my steward, the French Players

We would want £5000—in participations of £100 or £50; and in token of our earnest we headed the list of subscribers. Next the child had to bear a name: The English Classic Theatre? The Restoration Theatre? After a little hesitation it sprang upon me: The Renaissance Theatre. We took twenty-four hours to think it over; meanwhile, we looked out for and found an office in the Adelphi Hotel, Adam Street, Adelphi—where the Critics' Circle used to be. We made a provisional list of repertory ranging from Wycherley, Beaumont and Fletcher, Aphra Behn,

seeks its ideal in grace of line, symmetry of movement, and such facial expression as illustrates in emotion that which the limbs outline in space.

I said the other day in my article on Hungary's stage that I had never seen so good a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" as at the National Theatre in Budapest. I must now add a rider to that. I have never seen so good a performance of "The Merry Wives" as that of the Fellowship of Playgoers at the Regent on Sunday, the 14th. It was



"SLAP! BANG! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!" MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS THE CLOWN, COMPLETE WITH RED-HOT POKER AND SAUSAGES (PLUS EYEBROWS) IN THE OLD-FASHIONED HARLEQUINADE INTRODUCED INTO "LEAP YEAR" DURING ITS LAST WEEK AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Mr. Julian Wylie announced the production, at the London Hippodrome on December 15, of an old-fashioned Harlequinade, with Mr. George Robey as the Clown, for the last week of the run

of "Leap Year," which would then go for a long spell to the Manchester Palace. The pantomime, "Mother Goose," is due at the Hippodrome on Boxing Day.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

and the People's Theatre would have been a source of income instead of a sink to me.

Well, I wrote to Miss Fredman that I would much care to see her, and she came. We talked pleasantly over a cigarette, and at length I said: "And what are your plans?" And she replied: "To find a post first, and perhaps some day I may find someone who will start a regular classical theatre with me. There is a great public for our old plays, the Phoenix experi-

to Goethe's "Faust" and Calderon's "Life a Dream." We drew up our circular, exhorted lovers of the drama to support us. Finally, we went to a friend upon whom I look as an authority in matters of taste and judgment of the public—Mr. Hay Dent, of the famous firm that publishes the Everyman Library. I put my three titles before him, and he said point blank: "The Renaissance Theatre—it sounds well, it covers much ground, it has the right flavour." Mr. Dent promised to put our leaflets in the volumes of the Everyman Library, as he kindly did in the case of the People's Theatre—my *one and only supporter* in that enterprise, which deserved to live. So all was well, and both my partner and I felt that those twenty-four hours were the red-letter day in our existence.

The future rests on the lap of the gods, but I am certain of this: the Renaissance Theatre has a sterling *raison d'être*. If we conduct it wisely it will live; it is destined to play a part in many careers, for we mean to help the young actors, as we reckon on the co-operation of all those who have arrived. It will find the necessary funds to carry on, for this is neither commerce nor artistic speculation. Our Renaissance Theatre will make history, for it is for all classes of the population. It will be entertaining as well as instructive—who knows that it may not pave the thorny way to the National Theatre for England—the dream of my life and of many others?

Lillebil Ibsen is as poetic as her name. There is something of the sylph about her—something aloof, yet intensely tender. And in her eyes—sea-green eyes—is the reflex of her parentage. The great Ibsen was her grandsire, he who wrote "The Lady from the Sea"—a play that has never been properly seen in England, but which will anon be launched with Lillebil in the leading part, for she looks the woman—she is She; and, as her English has but the slightest piquant flavour of the Norse, it will be a performance of rare interest in melodious diction.

For Lillebil is not only an eminent dancer known all over Europe, and now a constant favourite at the Coliseum and the Alhambra, but, as one of the foremost writers of Norway, Johan Boyer, who is much read in England, said of her after seeing her in "La Dame aux Camélias," "she is the future great actress of Norway." And Sibelius, the great Finnish composer, has written for her a mimodrama, "Scaramouche," which created a furore at the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen, only to be surpassed by her performance of the Nun in "The Miracle."

For her twenties—she is a mere child in aspect—her record is stupendous. Ibsen, Björnson, all the authors of the North are already in her quiver; and as for her dancing, it is the poetry of motion—no taint of acrobacy, but the grand choreographic art that

sheer joy from start to finish. We roared while the actors revelled. We found our dear old Merrie England in the monumental Falstaff of Mr. Roy Byford, in the exquisitely funny Mistress Page of Miss Scudamore, in the delectable Sir Hugh of Mr. Harold Petrie—a fine etching in miniature. When I think of the horrible boredom that slow-paced performances of Shakespeare's comedies have caused me many times at leading theatres, this revival—alas, for one night



AS APHRODITE IN "THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS," GIVEN BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE COLISEUM: Mlle. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA.

Mlle. Tchernicheva and M. Anton Dolin, as Aphrodite and Hymen respectively, make a brief but delightful appearance towards the end of the ballet, where the pagan deities intervene to restore the faithful shepherdess to her shepherd.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

ence taught me that; and the material—why, it is an endless mine of wealth."

"The 'some day,'" I plunged in, "and the 'someone' are both here. Shall we do it together on the Two Consuls System that made Rome great?"

And there and then we started the preliminaries.



AS HYMEN IN "THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS," GIVEN BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT THE COLISEUM: M. ANTON DOLIN.

M. Anton Dolin, who appears as Hymen (the Greek god of wedlock) in "The Faithful Shepherdess," with Mlle. Tchernicheva as Aphrodite, is a young Irishman who has made a great hit this season with the Russian Ballet.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

only!—comes as a fresh breeze from England's sea-girdle. I should like to know the name of the producer. He made a scratch performance memorable. It was his spirit inhaled from Shakespeare that spurred the players to such life and bustle as gladdens the souls of the audience.

A TEMPLE OF SCIENCE AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE: THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

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SHOWING THE STATUE OF FARADAY, WHO HERE MADE HIS GREAT DISCOVERIES IN ELECTRICITY: THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The authorities of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in Albemarle Street, have granted us an unprecedented favour in allowing us to take and publish the photographs of the interior of their building, given above and on a double-page in this number. In doing so, they had in view (in their own words): "the interesting historical relations of the Institution with 'The Illustrated London News,' when the late Mr. Vincent, for many years, wrote records of the Lectures for that periodical, at a time when no other Newspaper was recognising Science." Those relations, we may recall, have been happily continued of late years by the publication in our pages of illustrated articles, written by the distinguished lecturers themselves, summarising several sets of Christmas lectures for young people

delivered at the Institution. Thus in 1920 we gave Professor (now Sir) William Bragg's lectures on "The World of Sound," in 1921 those of Professor J. Arthur Thomson on "The Haunts of Life," and in the present year those of Sir William Bragg, "Concerning the Nature of Things," dealing principally with the structure and properties of atoms. These special courses of Juvenile Lectures (copiously illustrated) at the Royal Institution were originated by Michael Faraday (1791-1867), who made his great electrical discoveries in its laboratories, and are now nearing their centenary, for the 1924-5 season is the ninety-ninth. This Christmas the course will be given by Mr. Frank Balfour Browne, Lecturer in Zoology (Entomology) at Cambridge, and his subject is "Concerning the Habits of Insects."

A CRADLE OF GIGANTIC INDUSTRIES BY ITS PROFESSORS.

BASED ON SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.



"A FRIDAY EVENING DISCOURSE, 1904": THE LATE SIR JAMES DEWAR LECTURING AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ON LIQUID HYDROGEN—A PICTURE BY H. J. BROOKS.



WHERE THE "FATHER" OF APPLIED ELECTRICITY ACHIEVED HIS EPOCH-MAKING DISCOVERIES: FARADAY'S LABORATORY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION—FROM A WATER-COLOUR.



FARADAY LECTURING IN THE OLD LECTURE HALL AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: THE GREAT ELECTRICIAN A PROFESSOR THERE FROM 1833 TO 1867.



FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS A CENTRE OF SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY RESEARCH: THE ROYAL INSTITUTION—AN ENGRAVING OF AN EARLY PICTURE OF THE LIBRARY.



FOUNDER OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ESTABLISHED IN 1800 UNDER A CHARTER OF GEORGE III.: COUNT VON RUMFORD (SIR BENJAMIN THOMPSON).



A GREAT SCIENTIST ASSOCIATED WITH THE ROYAL INSTITUTION FOR 32 YEARS: MICHAEL FARADAY.



FARADAY RELICS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: IN RIGHT LOWER CORNER HIS APPARATUS FOR THE FIRST MAGNETO ELECTRIC CURRENT.



THE ORIGINATOR OF SPECTROSCOPY: A BUST OF THOMAS WOLLASTON (1766-1828) IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.



FARADAY'S GREAT MAGNET: ONE OF MANY EXAMPLES OF THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST'S APPARATUS IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.



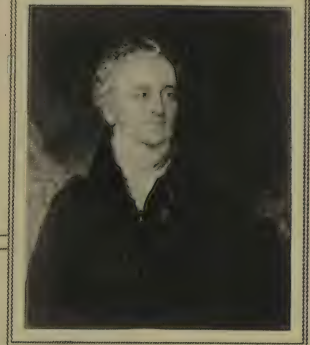
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S WATCH (ON THE RIGHT) AND HISTORICAL RELIC PRESERVED AMONG THE



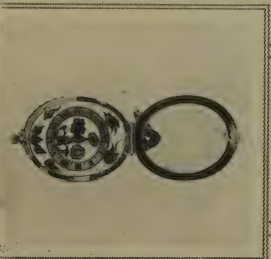
USED BY CAVENISH FOR PROVING THE COMPOSITION OF WATER: HISTORIC APPARATUS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.



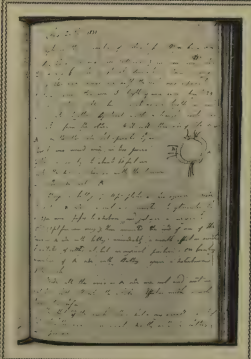
MICHAEL FARADAY AND HIS WIFE: AN OLD DAGUERROTYPED IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GREAT-NEPHEW, MR. W. E. GRAY.



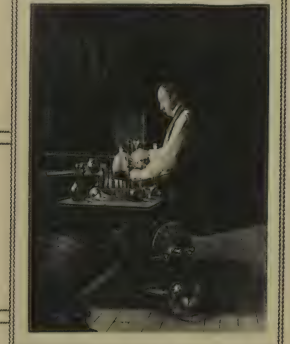
PROFESSOR AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION IN 1801-3: THOMAS YOUNG—FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.



ITS CASE (ON THE LEFT): AN INTERESTING TREASURES OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.



DATED AUGUST 29, 1831, AND BEGINNING—"EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRODUCTION OF ELECTRICITY FROM MAGNETISM"—A PAGE OF FARADAY'S MSS.



PROFESSOR AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1837-1855 AND HONORARY PROFESSOR 1905-19: THE LORD RAYLEIGH IN THE LABORATORY.

The Royal Institution, "for the promotion, diffusion, and extension of science and of 'useful knowledge,'" was established in 1800 under a Charter granted by George III. and was enlarged by an Act of Parliament in 1810. Its founder, Sir Benjamin Thompson (1753-1814), was an American scientist who migrated to England, became a Colonel in George the Third's American Dragoons, and was knighted. Later he served the Elector of Bavaria, and was created Count von Rumford, of the Holy Roman Empire. He founded the Royal Institution in 1799 after his return to London. "For more than a century," says an official booklet, "the Royal Institution of Great Britain has carried on a work which gives it a strong claim to the gratitude and support . . . of all who benefit by the immense industrial expansion which science has rendered possible. In its laboratory have been worked out many of the fundamental ideas upon which is reared the vast fabric of our chemical industries. Within its walls Faraday achieved the epoch-making discoveries which are the basis of the manifold applications of electricity that enrich the modern world. The eminent men who have successively directed its continuous research have collectively made contributions of

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

incalculable value to the wealth and comfort which the community enjoy to-day. . . Its income has always depended, as it depends to of its members. . . Those who can realise the value to the country of fruitful scientific work have an easy means of showing themselves among the members. . . They will find in the building in Albemarle Street spacious rooms, well-lighted and comfortable, a copious supply of current literature and periodicals at their disposal. They will find a library of some 60,000 volumes, an unusually that can be named, and every needful facility for study or correspondence. Then they obtain what clubs do not offer: a social gathering every Friday during the session of members and their friends of both sexes. . . It has been questioned whether any foundation in the world, however richly endowed, can boast such a record of original research and pregnant discovery as that of the Royal Institution for the last hundred years. Upon the work of its professors have been founded industries already gigantic."

News." by W. E. GRAY. BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

POLO IN THE STREET IN KASHMIR, WHERE "THE BAND STRIKES UP" WHEN A GOAL IS SCORED.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. MILLAIS, REPRODUCED FROM "KASHMIR IN SUNLIGHT AND SHADE," BY C. E. TYNDALE DISCOE (SEELEY, SERVICE AND CO.).



THE BALL IS OFTEN HIT INTO THE SHOPS, WHICH, "FORTUNATELY, DO NOT POSSESS GLASS WINDOWS"; POLO IN THE MAIN STREET OF LEH, A KASHMIR TOWN.

aroused by a recent *cause célèbre*, has not diminished since we published a number of picturesque photographs of that country in our issue . . . many of the illustrations then given, the above photograph is taken from Mr. C. E. Tyndale Discoe's fascinating book, "Kashmir in Sunlight and Shade." Describing the scene, he says: "When we arrived through the fine gateway into the main street, we found both sides lined with H.H. the Maharajah's troops. . . . The monastery band was in full view on the roof of one of the buildings. . . . As it (the street) is very broad, it is the polo ground. It seemed most strange to see the players dashing up and down the main street, often hitting the ball into the shops. Fortunately, the shops in Leh do not possess glass windows, otherwise polo in that street would be an expensive amusement." Elsewhere, describing a Kashmir village, called Mulbe, the author writes: "In the afternoon we were entertained by a game of polo, for every big village has its polo ground. . . . There are two long stone walls,

about 3 ft. high, built along both sides, against which the ball is made to rebound; they are also used, by the way, for squeezing your adversary's pony, and, if possible, the leg of the rider, against the jagged stones. Secondly, all the players start at a gallop from one end. The leader then throws the ball into the air, and strikes it with the full swing of his stick before it touches the ground, frequently driving it the whole length of the ground and through the goal-posts, which are marked by white stones. But the goal is not counted unless one of the attacking side dismounts and picks up the ball before any of the defenders can knock it out again. When the goal is won the band strikes up a joyful noise. . . . The riders play in a most reckless manner. I have seen both ponies and players receive terrific whacks, and blood flowing profusely; and sometimes the onlookers receive wounds from standing too near the wall. It is a very ancient and honoured game in these regions."

BEHIND THE SCENES OF SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRYLAND: "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" REHEARSAL AT DRURY LANE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



IN THE OLD BALLET PRACTICE ROOM, REOPENED AFTER TEN YEARS' DISUSE, AT DRURY LANE, FOR, "A MIDSUMMER

Drury Lane Theatre has for some time past been in a state of strenuous activity in preparation for the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on Boxing Day. Mr. Basil Dean, the producer, is here, there and everywhere, keeping an eye on all that goes on, and the work proceeds from eleven in the morning to eight o'clock at night. While scene-painters and stage-carpenters are busy on canvas and "properties," rehearsals proceed in various parts of the building. In the old Green Room may be found a pair of comedians arranging their "business," while the old Ballet Practice Room, disused for ten years, has been reopened for rehearsing Shakespearean fairies. It is situated at the side of the stage and on a lower level. M. Michael Fokine, the famous



LANE: M. MICHAEL FOKINE, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER, REHEARSING THE BALLET'S NIGHT'S DREAM."

Russian dancer and ballet-master, is in charge of the "fairies," and, as our drawing shows, he suits the action to the word of command, albeit he does not himself wear the garb of Fairyland. The younger members of the ballet who are under fourteen are only allowed in the theatre, by the Board of Education rules, on condition that they pursue their studies, so a schoolmistress is in attendance and waits on a form in the wings until her pupils are free to resume their lessons. Meanwhile, on the stage, may be seen the figure of Puck (in the person of Mr. Hay Petrie) attired in black tights and red braces, swinging high in the air. In the foyer a chorus sings the Mendelssohn music under Mr. Herman Finck. The cast numbers 150.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE PRINCE AS CANADIAN FARMER: NEW VIEWS OF HIS RANCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



A LOG BUILDING (OF THE SAME TYPE AS THE SMALL ONE ON THE RIGHT) ENLARGED, BOARDED, AND ROOFED: THE E.P. (EDWARD PRINCE) RANCH HOUSE AT PEKISKO, ALBERTA.



WITH UP-TO-DATE WIRE FENCING IN PLACE OF A STOCKADE: THE NEW CATTLE AND SHEEP BARN THAT HAVE SUPERSEDED THE OLD LOG STRUCTURE ON THE E.P. RANCH.



AT THE FOOT OF THE SNOW-CAPPED ROCKY MOUNTAINS (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND): PART OF THE PRINCE'S RANCH, WITH THE LARGEST OF THREE LAKES ON THE ESTATE.



INCLUDING WHITE TURKEYS AND DUCKS, GEESSE, ENGLISH FOWLS OF VARIOUS BREEDS, AND PIGEONS: THE POULTRY HOUSE AND ELECTRIC POWER HOUSE (EXTREME RIGHT).



MANAGER OF THE E.P. RANCH AND LORD MINTO'S: PROFESSOR W. L. CARLYLE ON GOPHIR, ONE OF THE ROYAL THOROUGHBREDS, WITH SILVER-MOUNTED HARNESS GIVEN BY THE PRINCE.



ONE OF THE FINEST ANIMALS IN AMERICA: THE PRINCE'S PRIZE SHORTHORN BULL, KING OF THE FAIRIES (WEIGHT 2400 LB.), GRAND CHAMPION IN CANADA, SINCE SHOWN AT TORONTO AND CHICAGO.



THE RANCH MANAGER'S DAUGHTER: MISS HELEN CARLYLE—AN ALL-ROUND SPORTSWOMAN, VIOLINIST, AND SECRETARY TO HER FATHER—MOUNTED ON MIDNIGHT.

During his recent tour in Canada and the United States, the Prince of Wales spent some time on his Canadian ranch—known as the E.P. (Edward Prince) Ranch—at Pekisko, Alberta, picturesquely situated near the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The Pekisko Creek runs at the back of the Ranch House. The house, which was originally a plain log building, was covered with weather-boards, and the roof was shingled. The Prince built an additional wing, seen at the left-hand end in the above photograph, which was taken from the east. The

ranch and its outbuildings have been brought up to date in every way, and are supplied with electric light from a power-house adjoining the poultry house, as shown above. The E.P. Ranch is managed for the Prince by Professor W. L. Carlyle, who is also in charge of a neighbouring ranch belonging to the Earl of Minto. The Prince's champion shorthorn bull, King of the Fairies, weighed 2400 lb. when the above photograph was taken, but was expected to weigh considerably more when in his show fettle. He went with a car-load of other

[Continued opposite.]

TO IMPROVE CANADIAN BREEDS: A STOCK SALE ON THE ROYAL RANCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



WITH A RADIO LOUD-SPEAKER ON THE LAWN (ON RIGHT) ANNOUNCING WHEAT AND OTHER PRICES FROM ALL PARTS OF AMERICA TO THE FARMERS AND RANCHMEN PRESENT: A BLOODSTOCK SALE ON THE PRINCE'S RANCH.



HELD DURING THE PRINCE'S RECENT VISIT TO HIS RANCH, WHEN HE GAVE AN OUTDOOR LUNCHEON PARTY ON THIS OCCASION: THE FIRST OF THE BLOODSTOCK SALES WHICH HE INTENDS TO HOLD ANNUALLY TO IMPROVE CANADIAN STRAINS.

Continued.

stock from the ranch to be exhibited at the Winter Fair in Toronto, and thence to the Fat Stock Show at Chicago. At Toronto a prize steer, Princeton Commander, from the E.P. Ranch was sold by auction at 6s. 8d. a lb. Among the horses shown was Princeton Commodore, a Percheron colt stallion which took prizes at various Western fairs during the summer. While he was at his ranch, the Prince held a bloodstock sale, on October 1, and he intends to hold such sales every year, so that the valuable strains represented in his foundation

stock may be maintained and increased. Thus the E.P. Ranch will fulfil its purpose—that is, as an agency to raise the general level of stock on Canadian farms. On the day of the sale the Prince, who had spent the morning in stooking grain, entertained many of the old ranchers and pioneer stock-breeders of the West at an outdoor luncheon party on his ranch. Among the guests were Mr. Larkin, Canadian High Commissioner in London, Mr. R. B. Bennett, K.C., and Mr. Patrick Burns, of Calgary.

THE RUDE, THE ROCOCO—AND THE MODERN: DANCING IN EUROPE.

"THE DANCE." By CECIL J. SHARP and A. P. OPPE.*

"THE basis of the dance," wrote Cecil Sharp, "is unconscious and racial; its superstructure conscious and individual." Even the complex contortions known collectively as Jazz descend from simpler, statelier, more natural movements. Even the very sophisticated Russian Ballet as presented by Diaghileff owes much to conventions built upon traditions: it is not all Deauville and the Blue Train. The whole thing is a question of passage from the rude to the rococo, from the archaic to the most modern. Hence the choreographical ancestor-worship of which Sharp was a High Priest. As to the so-called Classical Dancing of to-day, that may be ignored, for "it is the veriest guess-work, apart from some of the individual static gestures and attitudes, and the flowing robes, sandalled feet, and filleted heads of the executants."

"The earliest forms of folk-dance bear upon them unmistakable signs of a religious origin; indeed, some of them are still performed ritually, as pagan ceremonies of a quasi-religious or magic character, usually associated with the cultivation and fertility of the soil, and performed at particular seasons of the year. English folk-dances may be placed in three categories—the Sword Dance, Morris Dance, and Country Dance."

The Sword Dance, a highly elaborate affair, with leapings and somersaults over the bare blades, and a mimic decapitation by the sharp edges of "glass," "knot," or "lock," symbolises the death of the Old Year, "and, when the victim, as occasionally happens, is brought to life again, the birth of the New Year."

The Morris Dance, in which swords give way to sticks or handkerchiefs, jangles its pads of bells in the spring, and, like the Sword Dance, is for men only.

The Country Dance in any form is for men and women in couples, and thus social.

On these foundations has rested many a strange fancy. The Basse Dance, for instance, and the Pavane bear relation to the Helston Furry Dance and the dance of Tideswell, to say nothing of the Polonaise. The Galliard of springing steps—the tune of the National Anthem is in form a galliard—is represented to-day by the Sherborne Jig; so, therefore, is the slower, saut-less Tordion to the same steps.

Thoinot Arbeau (1588) names many "new dances." Among them twenty-three varieties of the Branle, the Volta, the Courante, the Allemande, and the Canaries. "Staid middle-aged dancers tread with dignified mien the Double and Single Branles; young married couples the Gay Branle; and the demoiselles and young bachelors the Branles of Bourgogne." And: "The Branles, with the exception of the Branles Coupées, are closely related to the folk-dance; some of them—the games, for instance—are almost pure folk-dances; the term Branle, in English Brawl, seems to have been a generic term applied to all dances which were quasi-folk in character." The Volta was a species of Galliard, from Provence; the Courantes were Shakespeare's "swift corantos"; the Allemande, from Germany, was performed to the Morris step. The Canaries, on the other hand, derived from "a ballet-masquerade, in which the dancers were dressed as Kings and Queens of Mauretania, or as savages with plumes of many colours... expected to introduce strange and bizarre steps 'such as savages would use.'"

Elizabethan country dances included The Vicar of St. Fools, Putney Ferry, and the Shaking of the Sheets; intriguing names to which must be added, at one period or another, Greensleeves, Christchurch Bells, Joan's Placket, and Buttered Pease—given by our Continental neighbours as Les Manches Vertes, Les Carillons d'Oxford, Jeanne qui Saute, and Pizelli al Burro.

Thus matters were until the Minuet, the Cotillon, the Quadrille, the Lancers, and Waltz—the Waltz, which so scandalised an early nineteenth-century

whose Country Dancers "indulged in nothing more daringly intimate than the taking of hands" that even Byron was shocked into becoming Horace Hornem, Esq., and satirising it scathingly. "Mothers forbade it, and every ball-room became a scene of feud and contention." It took rank, indeed, with the Saraband Philip II. suppressed for a while, and with the Volta Louis XIII. judged indecorous and banished from his Court.

Curious, also, war's effect on dancing. There was a remarkable revival of interest in dancing, a mania

1800 dancing salons were opened every evening in Paris. After the Civil War in America, too, there was a popular craze; while, to come down to our own time, the rage for dancing which set in immediately after the Armistice has not yet abated."

So much for the Social Dance. The Spectacular is next, and every bit as interesting, whether it be Semi-Religious, Diversion, Masque and Anti-Masque, or Ballet proper. Mr. Sharp records many an item that is amongst things little known. Let us quote—

"The Anti-Masque was so named because it was a foil or false Masque—i.e., antithetic in character to the masque proper which succeeded it. If, for instance, the entry dance was to be the apotheosis of beauty, the anti-masque which preceded it would be 'a revel in the ugly and horrible.' The anti-masque was therefore usually a grotesque dance 'full of preposterous change and gesticulation,' in which the dancers did 'all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back and hip to hip... and making their circles backward to the left hand, with strange, fantastic motions of their heads and bodies.' Bacon describes them as 'Fools, Satyres, Baboones, Wild men, Antiques, and Beastes,' on which account the anti-masque was sometimes called the 'antic-masque. These grotesque anti-masques were performed by professional dancers from the theatres, where some of them were afterwards used as interludes. The Satyrs' dance in 'A Winter's Tale' was originally an anti-masque dance."

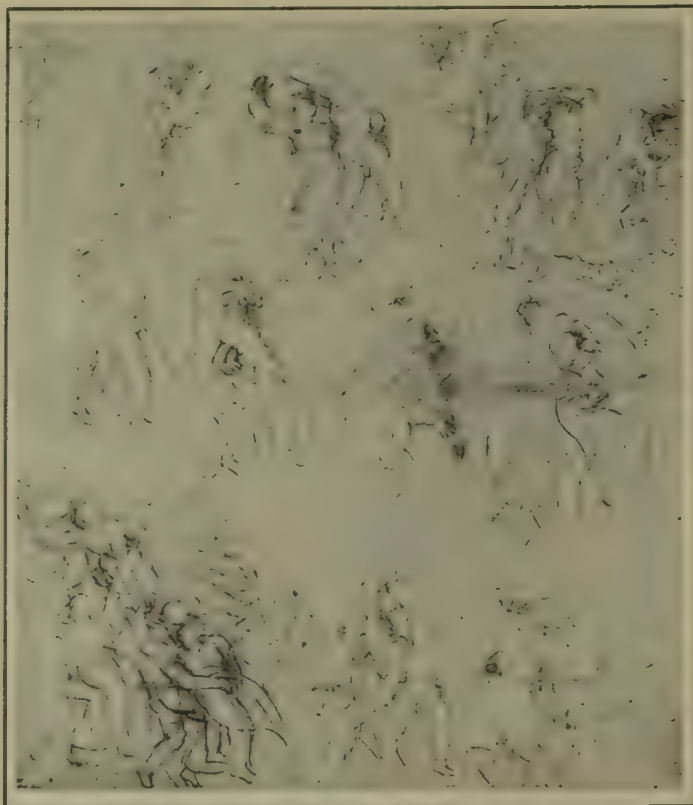
"With the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne the lead in the development of the ballet passed to France, where it remained to the close of the following century. Louis XIV. was... an inveterate dancer and a notable patron of the art in every form. In 1651, at the age of 13, he danced in *Cassandra* and continued to appear in a succession of ballets, including some of the comédie ballets of Molière, until he retired in 1669 at the age of 30. The King, of course, ordinarily played leading and reputable parts only, such as Apollo or Jupiter, while the less exalted characters were impersonated by members of his Court. Later, they were assisted by a certain number of professional women dancers known as 'femmes pantomimes.'"

As to dress: "An attempt to increase the range of steps in the ballet is associated with the name of Camargo (1710-1770), who made her début in Paris in 1726 and retired from the stage in 1741. In 1730 she is said to have introduced an entrechat of four cuts or crosses, and later in her career the saut de basque, jetés, battus en l'air, etc.... To obtain the necessary liberty of movement which these steps demanded, Camargo discarded the high-heeled shoes in favour of the ballet-slipper, and shortened her skirt to a point midway between knee and ankle." Skin-coloured tights, the maillot, are usually credited to Maillot, costumier of the Paris Opera at the beginning of the nineteenth century.—"As the century advanced and greater technical demands were made upon the dancers the skirt was gradually shortened till the limit was reached in the *tutu*, which, together with the *maillot*, has since been universally adopted. These innovations were not, of course, effected without opposition, but the feeling in their favour was so strong that even the Pope found himself constrained to authorise the use of the *maillot* in the Papal Theatre—with the condition, however, that it should be dyed blue."

A final note: "Toc-dancing is perhaps the most extreme instance of the virtuosity achieved by the ballet-dancers... The position *sur la pointe*... needs long and painful practice before it can be used without danger of dislocating the upper joints of the toes."

So most heartily to commend "The Dance" to all concerned with "grave and solemn measures" or "loftic jumping, or a leaping round." It is a most fascinating blend of letter-press and illustration. The former is excellently and charmingly informative; as to the pictures, they are a delight—even from Plate 1 unto Plate 75.

E. H. G.



BY RUBENS: PEN-AND-INK STUDIES FOR THE "VILLAGE FESTIVAL" IN THE LOUVRE.

almost, after the Napoleonic Wars. "It became the most popular and fashionable amusement, and was pursued with ardour by all classes of the kingdom. Teachers of dancing were in high demand and drove a roaring trade; public balls were crowded out; and, wherever suitable accommodation could be found, dancing rooms were opened to which admission was



BY RUBENS: "THE VILLAGE DANCE"—IN THE PRADO, MADRID.

Reproductions from "The Dance," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Halton and Truscott Smith. (See pages 1265, 1266.)

free, with or without invitation, the proprietors, usually dance-professors, relying for their remuneration upon the deposit 'of a piece of money of not less value than sixpence for the care of hats and bonnets'... History records other instances of an unrestrained indulgence in dancing after wars or great political disturbances. In France, for instance, after the Revolution and almost before the Terror was over,

* "The Dance." An Historical Survey of Dancing in Europe By Cecil J. Sharp, Founder of the English Folk Dance Society, and A. P. Oppe. (Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd.; 30s.)

17TH-CENTURY "JOY-PLANKS" AND THE SPRINGING VESTRIS: THE DANCE.

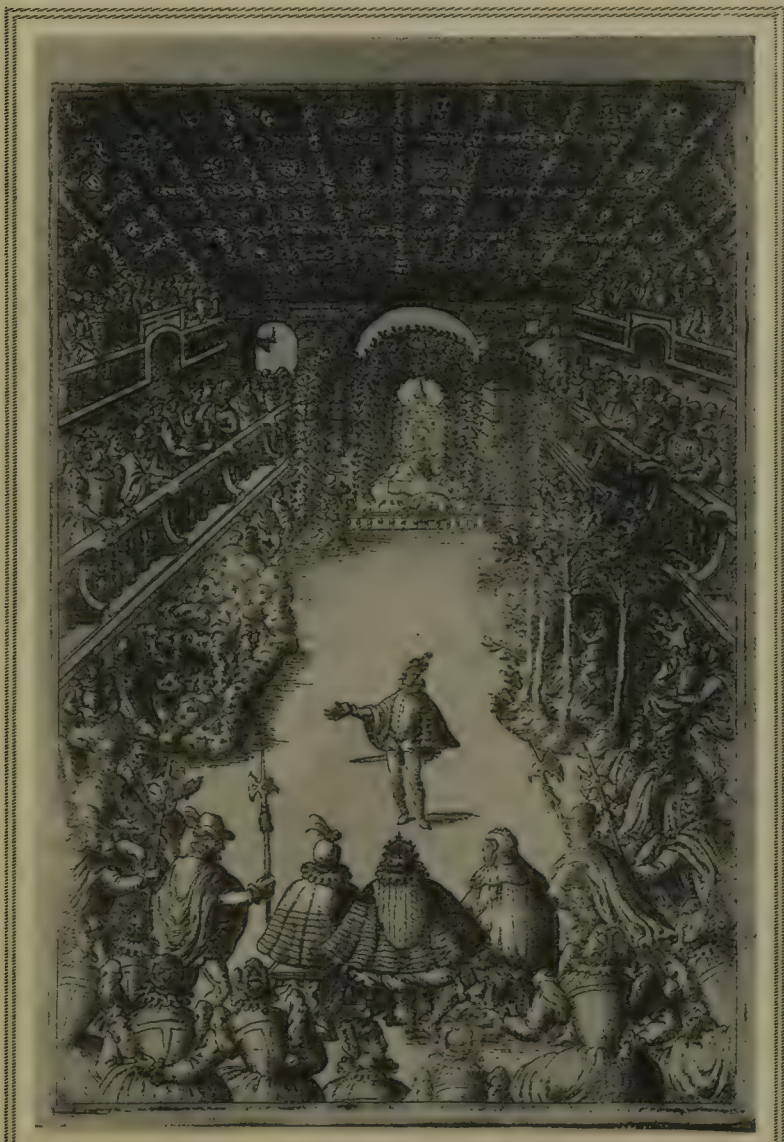
REPRODUCTIONS FROM "THE DANCE," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH. MR. COPLEY'S "PAVLOVA," BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO.



DESCENDING TO EARTH ONLY OUT OF CONSIDERATION FOR HIS COLLEAGUES! AUGUSTE VESTRIS IN "THE STRANGER AT SPARTA." (BY NATHANIEL DANCE, R.A.; 1780.)



ONE OF THE FINEST DANCERS OF THE PRESENT DAY AND AN EXPONENT BOTH OF THE "FREE" AND THE "SUR LA POINTE" STYLES: PAVLOVA. (BY JOHN COPLEY.)



PRODUCED AT THE COURT OF HENRI III, FOR THE WEDDING OF THE DUC DE JOYEUSE AND MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE: BEAUJOYEUX'S "BALLET COMIQUE DE LA REINE." (1582.)



PRIMO INTERMEDIO DELLA VEGLIA DELLA LIBERAZIONE DI TIRRENO FATTA NELLA SALA DELLE FESTE DEL SER GRAN DUCA DI TOSCANA IL CARNOVALE DEL 1616 DOVE IL RAP. IL MONTE D'ISCHIA CON IL GIGANTE TIFEO. FOT. G. B. P. 1616.

WITH "JOY-PLANKS," AND DANCERS AMONG THE AUDIENCE: THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GRAND BALLET AT FLORENCE—"THE GIANT TYPHOEUS BELOW MOUNT ISCHIA" (1616).

Gaetan Vestris (1729-1808) was a distinguished dancer in his day, and he married Marie Allard, herself a well-known dancer. Their son, Auguste, was still more famous, and the father acknowledged that the boy had, at all events, one advantage over himself in that he had Gaetan Vestris for a father! Auguste was renowned for his high springs and cabrioles; "indeed, so high and prolonged were they that Gaetan declared that if Auguste ever descended to earth, it was out of consideration for the feelings of his less-talented colleagues."—The "Ballet Comique de la Reine" was performed in Paris at the Court of Henri III. and

Catherine de Medici in 1581, during the wedding festivities of the Duc de Joyeuse and Marguerite of Lorraine, sister of the Queen of France. The book was written and the ballet produced by an Italian, Baltazarini, called Beaujoyeux, valet-de-chambre to Catherine.—The picture of the Grand Ballet at Florence in 1616 is of particular interest, for it shows a method of presentation which was in vogue here in Revues a year or two ago, and is still continued in the Cabarets; performers leaving the stage by means of steps and "joy-planks," and dancing on the floor in the midst of the audience.

SPARTAN, STATELY, GRACEFUL, AND GROTESQUE: THE DANCE

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "THE DANCE," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH.



SHOWING THE STEPS: THE MINUET—"THE CONCLUSION, OR PRESENTING BOTH ARMS." (BY A. VANHAECKEN; 1735.)



BY DEGAS, THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER OF THE BALLET: "DANSEUSE SUR LA SCÈNE." (IN THE LUXEMBOURG.)



PERHAPS A SPARTAN DANCE: "DANCING MAIDENS"—NEO-ATTIC RELIEF; THREE HANDS RESTORED. (VILLA ALBANI, ROME.)



BY A GREAT ARCHITECT WHO DEVELOPED THE BALLET: INIGO JONES SKETCHES FOR THE ANTI-MASQUE "BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANS." (1637.)



THE BALLET-PANTOMIME: "LE TURC GÉNÉREUX," AT VIENNA. IN 1758.



AS PERFORMED AT FLORENCE IN 1637: SCENE VI. FROM THE "NOZZE DEGLI DEI."

The Minuet owes its being to Beauchamps, a Court dancing-master to Louis XIV., and he is believed to have adapted it from a folk-dance from Poitou, possibly the Branle de Poitou. The name is from the small (menu) steps, chief characteristic of the dance in its earliest form.—The Ballet Comique, which dates from 1581, was much developed on its scenic side by Inigo Jones (1573-1652), the famous architect whose chief work was the design for the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall. In 1604 he designed the scenery for Ben Jonson's "Masque of

Blackness," which was given at Whitehall. Anti-masques were foils to the real Masques, which they preceded and to which they were in sharp contrast.—To our notes must be added a further acknowledgment of their source—the fascinating book, "The Dance," by the late Cecil J. Sharp, who founded the English Folk-Dance Society, and A. P. Oppé. As we remark in the review on page 1264, the work has special charm and adds to capital letterpress a set of 75 most illuminating plates, to say nothing of the illustrations in the text.



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Sir Walter Raleigh

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FROM THE STRIKING POSTER NOW APPEARING ON THE HOARDINGS



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A WONDERFUL BOOK ABOUT LIVE BUTTERFLIES.*

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOUGH books by the score have been written on butterflies—learned monographs for the specialist and more simply-worded volumes for the amateur—there was yet wanting a book about *live* butterflies, their shifts for a living, and the strange ways in which they pass their days as caterpillars. That book has now been written, and it is a truly wonderful book, so much so that it is difficult to write about it without running a risk of using too many adjectives in its praise. The author, Mr. F. W. Frohawk, has devoted a lifetime to his task, and though he has found it impossible to tell us all that he had to tell in less than two folio volumes, there is not a single page that could have been dispensed with. Even without the gorgeously coloured plates it would have been a great work, and it will be accepted with gratitude not alone by students and collectors of British butterflies, but also by all who are striving to gain a deeper insight into the complex network of causes and effects which moulds the lives of living creatures, and governs their behaviour, habits, shapes, coloration and so on. We have here, in short, material which will afford food for thought for many a long day to come, collected and put on record by a master hand.

In looking over a collection of butterflies, drawer after drawer, set out in orderly array, there are few who could fail to be impressed by their beauty and the amazing variety of colour and pattern which they display. The survey ended, many are like to exclaim: "Yes, they are very wonderful, but they do not

of coloration and armament, the significance of which we can, at least in part, measure even to-day. But Mr. Frohawk has opened up a new field for research by his revelations of the most surprising features presented by newly-hatched larvæ when seen under the microscope. As an instance, let us take the case of the small Copper butterfly—but one of scores which might have been chosen. The little body

a life-saving value. For the survival after this fashion of characters no longer useful is a common occurrence in the "ontogenetic" development of animals and plants alike. That is to say, with both plants and animals the developing individual "climbs its own ancestral tree," or, in other words, it has to follow, in the main, the lines of development which its ancestors have passed through. We must leave it at that, just now, in order that other aspects of this wonderful book may receive at least some mention.

Following on the lines of these structural characters, we are presented by Mr. Frohawk with some extremely valuable and suggestive facts in regard to coloration. At each successive moult—and there are several in the life-history of every caterpillar—growth being otherwise impossible—a different coloration may be assumed. Highly magnified drawings have been made by Mr. Frohawk of single segments of the body, showing the complexities of the pattern, and the various and often vivid colours which make up that pattern. To the naked eye it is non-existent, or presents but a blurred effect. It does not become a pattern till enlarged fifty or a hundred times. Then it falls into place with patterns such as we know of in the skin of the snake or the plumage of a bird. And here we have the clue to a stumbling block often thrown in our path by the opponents of the "coloration theory." It is inconceivable, they say, that "natural selection" could possibly have determined the details of the complex patterns which con-

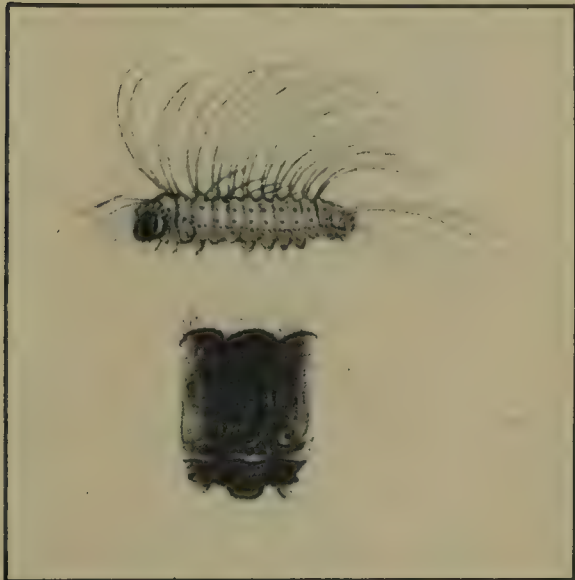


SHOWING THE WONDERFUL HONEYCOMB SCULPTURING OF THE SURFACE: HIGHLY MAGNIFIED EGGS OF THE SMALL COPPER BUTTERFLY.

Illustrations from Colour-Plates in "Natural History of British Butterflies," by F. W. Frohawk. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

just emerged from the egg, to the naked eye, is hardly visible; but, magnified to an inch long, it becomes a fearsome-looking creature. Perfectly white, save for the tail end, which is yellow, it is thickly covered with an armature of enormously long curved hairs, which, when still further magnified, prove to be barbed throughout their whole length. One is, indeed, at a loss to account for the meaning of such a covering, and the mystery is deepened by the fact that within a few hours this extraordinary covering is shed, and for the rest of its larval life it contrives to manage with the merest apologies for hairs!

It may be that this remarkable hairy covering answers to some ancestral stage, when this covering had



"MAGNIFIED TO AN INCH LONG, IT BECOMES A FEARSOME-LOOKING CREATURE": THE NEWLY HATCHED CATERPILLAR OF THE SMALL COPPER BUTTERFLY; AND (BELOW) A SECTION OF THE FULL-GROWN CATERPILLAR.

"The newly hatched caterpillar leaves the egg with a covering of enormously long hairs, which, when more highly magnified, are seen to be barbed. Beneath is a section of the body of a fully grown caterpillar, containing three rings, showing the totally different coloration and the total absence of hairs."

seem to make us much wiser than we were before!" After reading Mr. Frohawk's book, they will turn to these artificially played-out specimens with new eyes. His exquisitely drawn and coloured figures of the eggs of these frail creatures are alone worth the most careful thought. Mere specks when seen with the naked eye, under the microscope they disclose the most wonderful variety in colouring, shape, and sculpturing. In no two species are they quite alike, though there is a general resemblance between the eggs of allied species. What factors have determined these differences? Do they serve any end useful to the species in its struggle for existence? Even the sculpturing, when further magnified, proves to be sculptured! If the surfaces of the eggs of every species were sculptured, one would jump to the conclusion that this breaking up of the surface played some important, if obscure, part in protecting the egg—the channelled surface might, for example, serve to retain moisture. But some eggs have a perfectly smooth surface; so that this suggested explanation would fail.

The caterpillars, so rarely seen in collections, are in every way as interesting as the adult insects, and they present as many problems for solution. Furthermore, they display a marvellous range in the matter



"ALWAYS THERE MUST BE VIOLETS" NEAR ITS BIRTHPLACE: CHRYSALIS (TOP LEFT AND RIGHT), LARVA (BELOW), AND A BODY-RING (TOP CENTRE) OF A SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY.

"In the centre at the top is seen one of the rings of the body of a newly hatched silver-washed Fritillary, showing the armaments of long hairs. Below is the fully fledged larva, showing the totally different coloration and armament of hairs. The strange chrysalis is seen from the side and front, on each side of the segment of the newly hatched larva."



SHOWING THE DIFFERENT COLORATION OF THE FORE AND HIND WINGS: THE FEMALE OF THE SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY.

front us in the variegated plumage of, say, a mallard, or the spotted hide of a deer. Quite so. But, as the magnified segment of one of these caterpillars shows, the pattern precedes selection, which merely determines whether such pattern shall be permitted to exist.

And now as to "life-histories." These two volumes furnish dozens which are wonderful. Let us be content with one, that of the Silver-washed Fritillary, though even this can be pursued no further in this review than the end of the larval life. The eggs are deposited in July some fifty feet from the ground, in the crevice of the bark of pine or oak trees; but always there must be violets, either at the foot of the tree or near at hand. Fifteen days later the little caterpillar emerges, eating the crown of the egg-shell to provide a means of escape. This is its only meal for eight long months, for at once it creeps into a crevice of the bark and goes to sleep. At the end of March it awakens, and descends to the ground for its feast of violet leaves. At the end of May it pupates, and eighteen days later emerges a butterfly. That is a very singular history. But there are scores of such histories in these two marvellous volumes.

Of the butterfly itself, some interesting things have to be told. It sometimes, for instance, appears as a variety which apparently is to be regarded as a reversion to the ancestral coloration of the primitive butterfly, before the gorgeous hues and exquisite patterns we know to-day had come into being, thus adding yet another interesting feature to the life-history of this striking genus.

Enough has been said, surely, to show that this is a work not merely for the entomologist, but for all who are concerned with the problems presented by the life-histories of animals, and their bearing on the evolution theory.

* "Natural History of British Butterflies," by F. W. Frohawk, M.B.O.U., F.E.S. With 60 full-page plates in colour. (Hutchinson; 2 Vols., £6 6s. net.)

The World of Women

LOVERS of Queen Alexandra will be grieved that her Christmas is overshadowed by news of the illness of her sister, the Empress Marie Feodorovna. The two sisters have been lifelong friends, and the friendship was so prized by the late husband of the Empress that he left Queen Alexandra a substantial legacy. The sisters some years before the war built for themselves a villa at Helvidore, for which much of the furniture was made at Queen Alexandra's Technical School at Sandringham. Included in the very charming designs were the monograms of each royal lady, inlaid in coloured woods. They had hoped to spend many summers there together, indulging in their favourite occupations of painting and music, both being brilliant pianists. The villa commanded a superb sea-view. It was one of the many million pleasant projects that the European upheaval blotted out.

A pathetic sight it was, following the dreadful tragedy in the Russian royal family, to see Queen Alexandra trying hard to interest the Empress, then on a visit to her, and looking still horror-stricken. Later, Queen Alexandra secured a certain measure of success. The stricken Empress took interest in musical parties at Marlborough House, in pictures, and in flower shows.

Princess Victoria, the most exemplary of daughters, has had a breakdown in health, and her very many admirers are glad to think that she is having a trip abroad, starting in Northern Italy. It is rather pathetic to think that this Princess, whose love for young people and children is so well known, should have lived her life chiefly amongst the very old. The King and Princess Victoria have always been great friends, and his Majesty has the highest respect for the judgment, common sense, and tact of his second sister. For a time Princess Victoria greatly enjoyed the society of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, but the younger Princess's busier life removed her from the quieter sphere of Princess Victoria. There is no one who will not hope to hear good accounts



A splendid weatherproof "Burberry," and a well-cut coat and skirt in homespun which are included in the sale at Burberrys' in the Haymarket, S.W.
(See page 1272.)

of her Royal Highness, and to see her back again restored to health.

Queen Alexandra must be very pleased to have her son-in-law and her fine young grandson Prince Olaf with her for Christmas. The young Prince is devoted to Queen Alexandra, for when he was much younger she took endless trouble to have a real miniature motor-car made for him, in which he could drive himself. It is probable that the young Prince will speedily be betrothed, as the Norwegians are most anxious to have a Crown Princess.

Big-game hunters find that they have to look to their trophies, since women have taken to wearing the skins of big game. A man who has fine specimen skins which have so far followed the humble profession of door-mats will occasionally miss them, to find their womenfolk wearing trimmings of tiger or leopard, or even whole garments. Their pockets do not profit by the transaction very greatly, as the furrier's work on such skins is costly, and poor sportsman has lost one of the apples of his eye.

We were resigned to losing the Prince of Wales through the greater part of the season, and have now to submit to a further sacrifice, as his Royal Highness goes to the Argentine. Surely there never has been so travelled a Prince as ours, and there never has been such a successful yet absolutely unconscious ambassador. The chief reason of his success is probably his own complete enjoyment of every new experience, and the Argentine will be full of new thrills for him.

A novelty in Christmas presents this year is the gift of jewelled badges to wear in the front of neat little hats. These may take the form of regimental, naval, or Air Force, or they may be monograms or designs showing the favourite sport of the wearer, such as a pair of crossed tennis rackets, models of game birds, or club badges—anything, in fact, that will look smart. There is much less danger in wearing these than might be supposed, as they are subject only to frontal attack. Jewel-headed hat-pins are much more easily extracted.

Extremes invariably kill a fashion. This will certainly be the fate of the stumpy umbrella, such an exhibition of the grotesque in this respect that one feels the end is near, and that without regret. The wild creatures carried by the tamest-looking young ladies may have something of the charm of contrast. If so, it is the only charm. The one good thing to be said for these horrid little things is that they can be packed in a trunk or a suit-case, but really

an umbrella in a suit-case is not exactly useful. Our grandmothers had a better way in having their extremely neat and dainty sunshade and umbrella handles jointed. Will men ever take to these short monstrosities, and carry them as they did their batons when on duty as special constables during the war?

The Paris hairdressers have now decided that the height of fashion is hair divided in front and looped at either side over the ears, and arranged in a very large bun at the back—something after the style of Mrs. Langtry in her professional-beauty days. It is said that bobbing and shingling has been largely due to a scarcity of best hair in the French markets: the peasants who used to be content with their distinctive head-dresses, having taken to wear hats, would not part with their locks. Now, however, thrifty French girls have decided that a little money is better than a lot of hair, so the hairdressers have decided to reintroduce a more generous style.

Members of the Royal Family have set a fashion for far travels which is being eagerly followed. The further you go the easier the trip; everything is now so well arranged for travellers, especially for those who are not tied to holiday dates, and can go to either hot or cold climates; and the cost is fairly well estimated before they start. Switzerland and the Riviera still hold their own for a large section of people, and one hears they are confidently expecting a better season than since the days of the war. The German travelling public will be larger than ever this winter, and other travellers, whatever they may think, will have to "meet up" with them, as the Americans say. And the only way is to appear pleased to do so. As proof that some have not forgotten the humanity with which they were treated in England when prisoners of war, an Englishman having business relations with a German lately was astonished to find that the German was full of gratitude, and said that he would always help an Englishman, however and whenever he could. A. E. L.



A perfectly tailored suit in checked tweed, built by the well-known firm of H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W.
(See page 1272.)



A travelling coat which is warm and light; it is carried out in Nicoll marl fleece, and must be placed to the credit of H. J. Nicoll. (See page 1272.)

BUCHANAN'S "BLACK & WHITE"

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AND
WHITE
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Fashions and Fancies.

Remnants and Their Uses.

In a few days, sale time will be in full swing, and many prizes await the early bargain hunter. To the clever needlewoman, sales offer boundless possibilities, for remnants of every kind are to be



A nightie in crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with coffee-coloured lace, can be made by the least expert needlewoman, and the cost is practically negligible during sale time.

had for a mere song. Sketched on this page, for instance, are a few suggestions which need but a yard or two of material, a little lace, and still less ribbon. Crêpe-de-Chine or lawn may fashion the delightful lingerie, while the practical dusting apron needs but an oddment of gaily-coloured chintz. Then the fashionable scarves of the moment, in figured crêpe-de-Chine and georgette, can be quickly made by the least ambitious needlewoman, and straight, simple frocks, both pretty and fashionable, are easily created at a very moderate cost.

A Sale at Burberrys'.

Dec. 29 heralds the beginning of the sale at Burberrys', in the Haymarket, S.W., which will

continue throughout January and February. Everything has been substantially reduced in price, including the two models pictured on page 1270. The coat and skirt is one of many in homespuns, tweeds, and chevots, which, usually 10 and 12 guineas, are being offered at 7 guineas. The second model is one of the famous weatherproof Burberrys, and can

be secured for 73s. 6d. during the sale, a splendid opportunity, which should not be neglected. A well-illustrated catalogue, including men's and children's outfits, will be sent free on request.

Wrap Coats and Tailored Suits.

Well-groomed women who appreciate perfect tailoring will rejoice to hear

that H. J. Nicoll, of 114, Regent Street, W., are holding a sale beginning on Dec. 29, and lasting throughout January. The well-cut coat and skirt sketched on page 1270 can be secured for 6 guineas in striped, checked or plain Scotch tweed; while the Nicoll marl fleece travelling coat on the right has been reduced from 9½ guineas to 6½ guineas. Overcoats and travelling-wraps which were 7½ and 8½ guineas are offered at 4 guineas; and there is a limited number, slightly shop-soiled, priced at 30s. A few coats and skirts,



Brightly coloured chintz, secured for a mere song at the sales, can be quickly transformed into this pretty dusting apron.

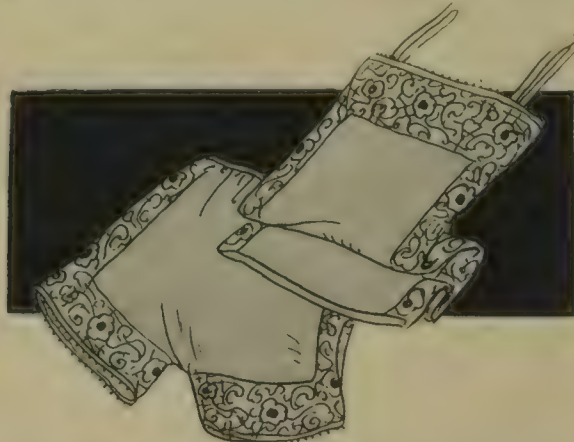
also slightly shop-soiled, are marked down to 3½ guineas.

Bargains in Household Linen.

Every housewife must seize the opportunity of visiting Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., during their sale, which begins on Dec. 31, and lasts throughout January. All household linens, for which this firm is famous, have been substantially reduced in price. Pure linen damask table-cloths and napkins are offered at 25 per cent. less than usual. Table-cloths range from 6s. 11d., size 45 in. by 45 in.; and napkins to match are 21s. 9d. a dozen. Then there are 100 pairs of hemstitched linen sheets, usually 105s., priced at 84s. a pair, single-bed size, and 108s. a pair double-bed size.

An Important Occasion.

The first sale in the new salons of Liberty's, at Argyll Place, W., commences on Jan. 5, and will last for one month. There are 75,000 yards of cretonnes in beautiful Liberty designs and colourings, available at 1s. 3d., and 1s. 11d. a yard, and remnants are offered at clearance prices. Model evening gowns, slightly soiled, are marked at less than half price, ranging from 5 guineas, and day frocks are from 4½ guineas. Useful dresses of Yoru crêpe can be secured



These delightful chemise and knickers are easily made for a very modest sum from remnants secured at the sales.

for £1 7s. 9d., and velour hats in delightful colourings are one guinea; garden hats in rush and raffia are offered at the modest price of 1s. each.

Season 1924-25.

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Finest Climate. Superior
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Above the Town.

Excellent English Family Hotel.
Redecorated. Large Garden.
Full South.

Tennis. Restaurant.

Modern and very comfortable.
Suites Self-contained.

Orient & Angleterre.

Central.

In large Sunny Garden—full South. Modern.
Spacious. One of Mentone's Finest Hotels.
Sixty Suites, all Self-contained. Motor Car.
Renowned Cuisine and Attendance.
Well-known Best-class English Family Hotel.

Hotel des Anglais.

Open all the year.

Sea Front—Full South—Sunny Garden.
Entirely Renovated. Every Room has Run-
ning Water (Hot and Cold). 50 Private
Bath Rooms.
Restaurant. Tennis. Garage.

Louvre.

Central.

Adjoining Public Gardens through great
Palm Avenue.
Close to Casino. Entirely renovated. Full
South. Spacious. Modern Renowned
Cuisine. Tennis. Terms Moderate.

Hotel de Venise.

Central.

This famous English Hotel, greatly enlarged
this Summer, has now 200 South Rooms.
75 Baths. Noted Cuisine. Large, Sunny
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HOTELS

Bellevue et D'Italie.

Beautifully situated in their own grounds
occupying the whole hillside—within five
minutes of the centre of the town.

Churchman, Proprietors.

Méditerranée.

Quite Central.

In Large, Quiet Garden.

Re-decorated. Many Suites, all self-con-
tained. Up-to-date Hotel. Superior Cuisine.

Terms Moderate.

Royal & Westminster.

Sea Front.

Up-to-date Family Hotel.
Large Garden. Full South.

M. Prop. J. B. Hagen.

Atlantic & Malte.

Central.

Very Comfortable, yet Moderate. 100 South
Rooms. Running Water. 30 Baths.
Same Management.

Centre of Town in Pleasant Garden.

Majestic.

Central.

Facing Public Gardens and Casino.
First-class Family Hotel. Running water
throughout. 30 Suites, all self-contained.
Renowned Restaurant. Moderate Charges.
Swiss Management.

Baeller & Cottani.

Hotel National.

Rather Elevated.

Long a Noted First-Class Family Hotel.
All Modern Comforts. Excellent Cooking.
Fine Garden and Views.

Motor Service to and from Casino and Trains.

Regina—Sea Front.

Central.

Running Water throughout. Private Bath-
rooms. Sunny Garden facing Sea front.
Attractive Public Rooms. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Ulrich, M. Prop.

Menton & Midi—Sea Front

Central.

Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Ren-
ovated. Running Water (H. & C.). Suites
re-decorated. Renowned Cuisine and Attend-
ance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front.
Modern Comforts. Restaurant.

M. Proprietor: G. de Smet.

Balmoral Hotel—Sea Front

Central.

Enlarged and Renovated during Summer, 1923.
Running Water (H. & C.) in all bed and dress-
ing-rooms. Private Bath Rooms (self-con-
tained). Dining Room facing Sea Front.
Garden. Renowned Cuisine.

P. Rayon, M. Prop.

Hotel du Parc.

Central

Facing Casino & Public Gardens.
Suites Full South. Modern Family Hotel.
All comforts.

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Every Room with Balcony. Full South.
Garden situated in the pleasantest part of
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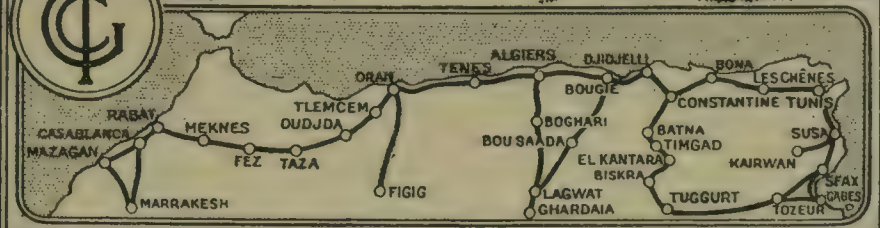
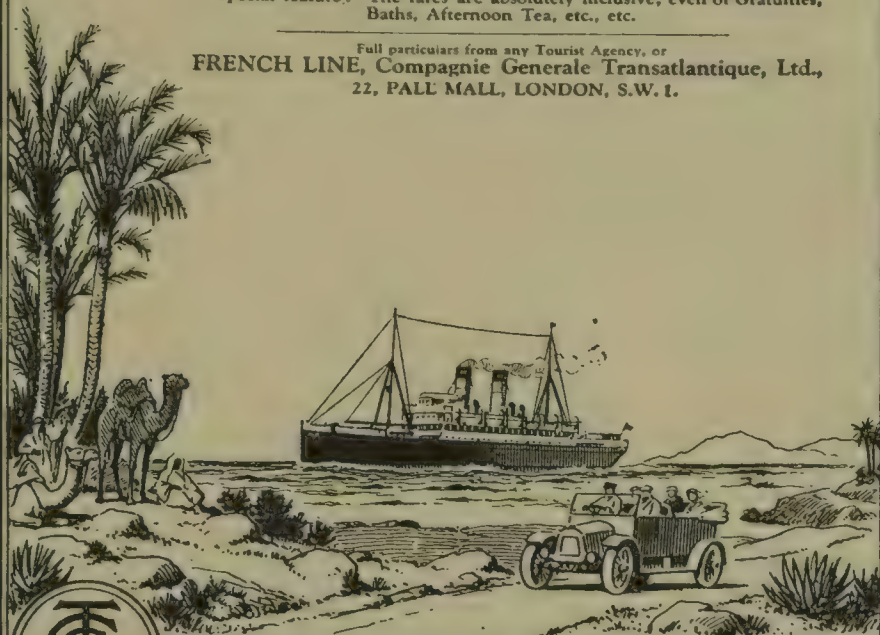
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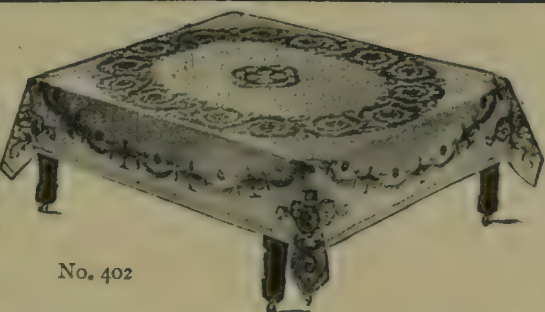
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continue
during Jan.

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RELIABLE HOUSEHOLD LINENS
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80 dozen Fine
All-Linen
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Size 24 x 40
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Bargain price

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Superfine Double Damask Table Linen. We strongly
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Napkins 22 x 22 ins. 39/6 doz. 26 x 26 ins. 49/6 doz.

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70 pairs
Hemstitched
Linen Sheets
Extra fine
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Straw Hat, with brim at each
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round crown and Leather Flowers
across front. In several good
colourings. Usual price 3 Gns.

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Straw Hat, with slightly
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V. 105. — Attractive Hat, in
Duvetyn, trimmed Ribbon Velvet
Cockade at side, bound Velvet on
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Shoulder Straps, Short Legs. All sizes, in
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

H. G. ROBERTS (Catford).—The later contribution is, as you say, much better than the earlier one, and if no fault presents itself on closer examination, we hope to be able to publish it in due course.

J. HANSEN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—He needs a long spoon that sups with a certain individual, and you are apparently learning that some similar advice is needed in dealings with composers of two-move problems.

H. BURGESS (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—We extend to you a hand of brotherly sympathy.

JOHN RAINSFORD (Clinton, Ontario).—You at any rate fell into no traps, but, as you will have seen by this time, the problem was perfectly right, and had its proper solution.

G. T. RAJAN (Royapettah, Madras).—Your comment is quite justified, but, as you will have noticed, the solution you send was not one intended by the composer.

C. H. BATTEY (Providence, R.I.).—Your last amended position admits of a second solution by 1. Q takes R, followed by mate whatever Black does.

J. FARRINGTON (Landi-Kotal, India).—A little book called "The Beginner's Book of Chess," price 1s., reviewed in this column a month ago, will suit you exactly. Apply to F. Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.2.

ARTURO SHAW (Malaya).—The reply in the author's solution of No. 3943 to Black's 1. — P takes K P, is 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch) K to B 5th, 3. R to B sq, mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 3940 received from R. W. Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3941 from H. H. the Maharana Sahab of Porbander (India), H. F. Marker (Porbander), and R. W. Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3942 from H. F. Marker (Porbander); of No. 3943 from G. T. Rajan (Royapettah, Madras), Arturo Shaw (Malaya), and H. F. Marker (Porbander); of No. 3944 from John Hansen (Newburgh, N.Y.), and J. E. Houseman (Chicoutimi); and of No. 3945 from H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Arturo Shaw (Malaya), and R. P. Nicholson (Crayke).

Owing to the necessity imposed upon us of going to press at a much earlier date than usual, we are compelled to hold over our acknowledgment of further solutions until our next issue.

As on previous occasions we submit for the leisure of the Christmas holidays a batch of prize two-move problems, gathered from various quarters during the past year. To avoid taxing solvers' energies too much, our regular problem is purposely made a very elementary one. Answers will be acknowledged for all or any of the following.

No. 1.—By W. LANGSTAFF.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 7th, Q at K 3rd, R at K B 7th, B at K Kt 2nd. Kts at K 2nd and K B 6th.

BLACK.—K at K B 4th, Q at Q B 3rd, R at K B 8th, Bs at Q B 6th and Q R 7th, Kt at K 8th, Ps at K R 2nd, K R 5th, K Kt 5th, K 3rd, Q 3rd, and Q Kt 5th.

No. 2.—By F. SACKMAN.

WHITE.—K at K R 6th, Q at Q 7th, Rs at K Kt 5th and Q R 4th, B at K 6th, Kts at Q B sq and Q R 2nd, P at Q 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q 5th, Q at Q Kt 5th, Kt at Q R sq, Ps at K 6th, K 7th, Q 7th, and Q R 4th.

No. 3.—By R. H. BRIDGWATER.

WHITE.—K at K B 3rd, Q at Q Kt 8th, Rs at K 4th and K Kt 4th, Bs at Q sq and Q R sq, Ps at Q B 3rd, Q B 4th, and Q B 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q 6th, Bs at K B 5th and Q R sq, Kts at K 3rd and Q Kt 2nd, Ps at K Kt 4th, Q 7th and Q B 3rd.

No. 4.—By C. WINTER.

WHITE.—K at K sq, Q at Q 2nd, R at K R 5th, B at K Kt sq, Kt at K B 6th, Ps at K B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd, and Q Kt 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q 5th, B at K R 5th, Kts at Q Kt 3rd and Q R 7th, Ps at K K 3rd, K Kt 7th and Q 6th.

No. 5.—By J. R. NEUKOMM.

WHITE.—K at Q 3rd, Rs at K Kt 7th and K 4th, Bs at K B 8th and Q B 8th, Kt at Q 6th, Ps at K 2nd and Q 7th.

BLACK.—K at K B 3rd, Ps at K 2nd and Q 5th.

No. 6.—By E. LETZEN.

WHITE.—K at K B 6th, Rs at K 8th and Q 2nd, Bs at K Kt 4th and K 5th, Kts at K Kt 2nd and Q 5th, Ps at Q B 2nd and Q Kt 4th.

BLACK.—K at K 5th, Q at Q 5th, R at Q B 5th, Kt at K 7th, P at Q B 3rd.

In each case, White is to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3945.—By THE REV. NOEL BONAVIA HUNT, M.A.

WHITE

1. Q to Q Kt 4th

2. Mates accordingly.

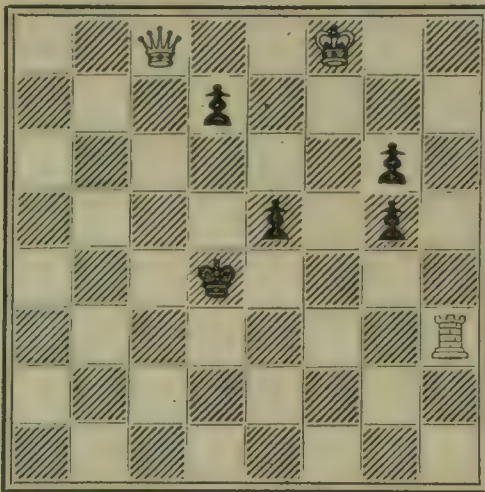
BLACK

Anything

As a *tour de force* in which, with so densely crowded an array of strength on each side, one is left to wonder both whether any solution is possible or how a tenfold plurality is prevented, this problem is not without features of interest; but we fail to see that the solution rewards by surprise or charm either the laborious ingenuity of the composer or the industrious analysis of those who searched for it.

PROBLEM No. 3947.—By H. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Hastings Christmas Festival, which begins on the 27th inst., has attracted a very good entry for the various competitions, especially in the two leading classes. The Premier Tournament has secured the presence of several Continental masters, together with many prominent British players; while no fewer than thirty-two English amateurs take part in the First Class Tournament. Altogether, a very interesting week's sport is promised.

The Hamilton Russell Cup Competition. The following further results are announced: Royal Automobile Club, 4½ v. Junior Constitutional, 1½; National Liberal Club, 4½ v. Reform, 1½; Savile Club, 3½ v. Athenæum, 2½; Royal Automobile Club, 5, v. Savile Club, 1; Authors' Club, 3½ v. Junior Constitutional, 2½; National Liberal Club, 6 v. Conservative, 0; Athenæum, 3 v. Conservative, 3; Junior Constitutional, 4 v. Savile, 2.

On the suggestion of the Hon. F. G. Hamilton Russell, a vice-president of the City of London Chess Club, a course of six lectures on Chess will be given at the City of London Chess Club during the period Jan. 5 to 19. Tickets for the course—price 10s. 6d.—can be obtained from Mr. J. Walter Russell City of London Chess Club, Wardrobe Court, 146a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

A BRACE OF CHRISTMAS GAMELETS.

CHESS IN FRANCE.

Game played in the French Championship Tournament at Strasburg, between Messrs. LAZARD and CREPEAUX.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (M. L.)	BLACK (M. C.)	WHITE (M. L.)	BLACK (M. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. K to K 3rd	B to B 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3rd	14. Q to Kt sq	Kt to Kt 4th
3. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th		White resigns. (ch)
4. B P takes P	Kt takes P		
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
6. B to K 2nd	B to Q B 4th		
7. P to Q 4th	Kt takes Q P		
8. K Kt takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)		
9. P to K 3rd	Kt takes P		
10. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 7th (ch)		
11. K takes B	Kt to K 5th (ch)		
12. K to K 3rd	Q to B 7th (ch)		

A game that affords us a taste of the quality of the new French champion. White's sixth move gave him an opportunity which he smartly utilised, although he had some rather thin ice to skate over before achieving final success.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Southport in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation between Sir G. A. THOMAS and Mr. W. GIBSON.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Sir G. T.)	BLACK (Mr. W. G.)	WHITE (Sir G. T.)	BLACK (Mr. W. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q Kt to K 4th	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	16. Q to Kt 8th (ch)	Resigns.
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles	Kt takes P		
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. P takes P	B to K 3rd		
9. P to B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
10. B to K 3rd	Castles		
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th		
12. P takes P	Kt takes P		
(en pass.)	(B 3rd)		
13. Kt to Kt 5th	B to K B 4th		

Up to his thirteenth move, Black follows a well-known and fairly safe variation of the Ruy Lopez, but there he goes wrong with dramatic suddenness. White must in any case win by his fourteenth move, but it is not often one sees smothered mate administered in actual play.

Whatever age one may be, the arrival of the New Year always provides a pleasant little thrill of expectation, in its hope that undreamed of fortune may lie before us—so the charm of the new diary which one buys to record engagements in the New Year is one which never palls. Diaries are, in fact, fascinating things; and what is more, the famous firm of Charles Letts and Co. always panders to our weakness in regard to them by providing a glorious selection of different diaries, each one calculated to appeal to a different section of people. For 1925 the motorist, the gardener, the model engineer, the poultry enthusiast, and many other people are specially catered for in the compact little pocket series, each volume of which is packed with useful information, while the "Country Life Diary and Field Naturalist Note-Book" is a delight. Then there are miniature diaries for the woman who likes to tuck one into her vanity bag, and handsome leather engagement-books for those who keep a decorative one lying on their table. The business man, too, is admirably provided for, as Charles Letts and Co.'s big scribbling diaries are indispensable in an office, and the serviceable self-opening diary is a thoroughly practical publication.

GRANT'S B.P.

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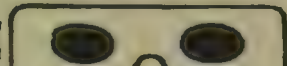
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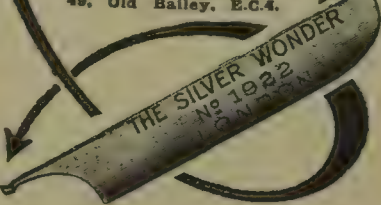
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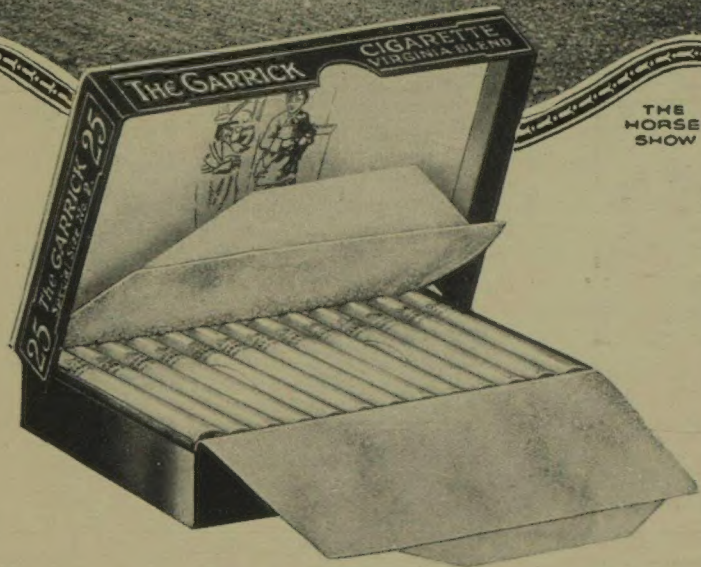


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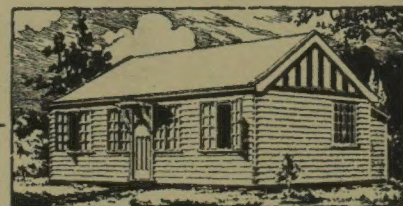
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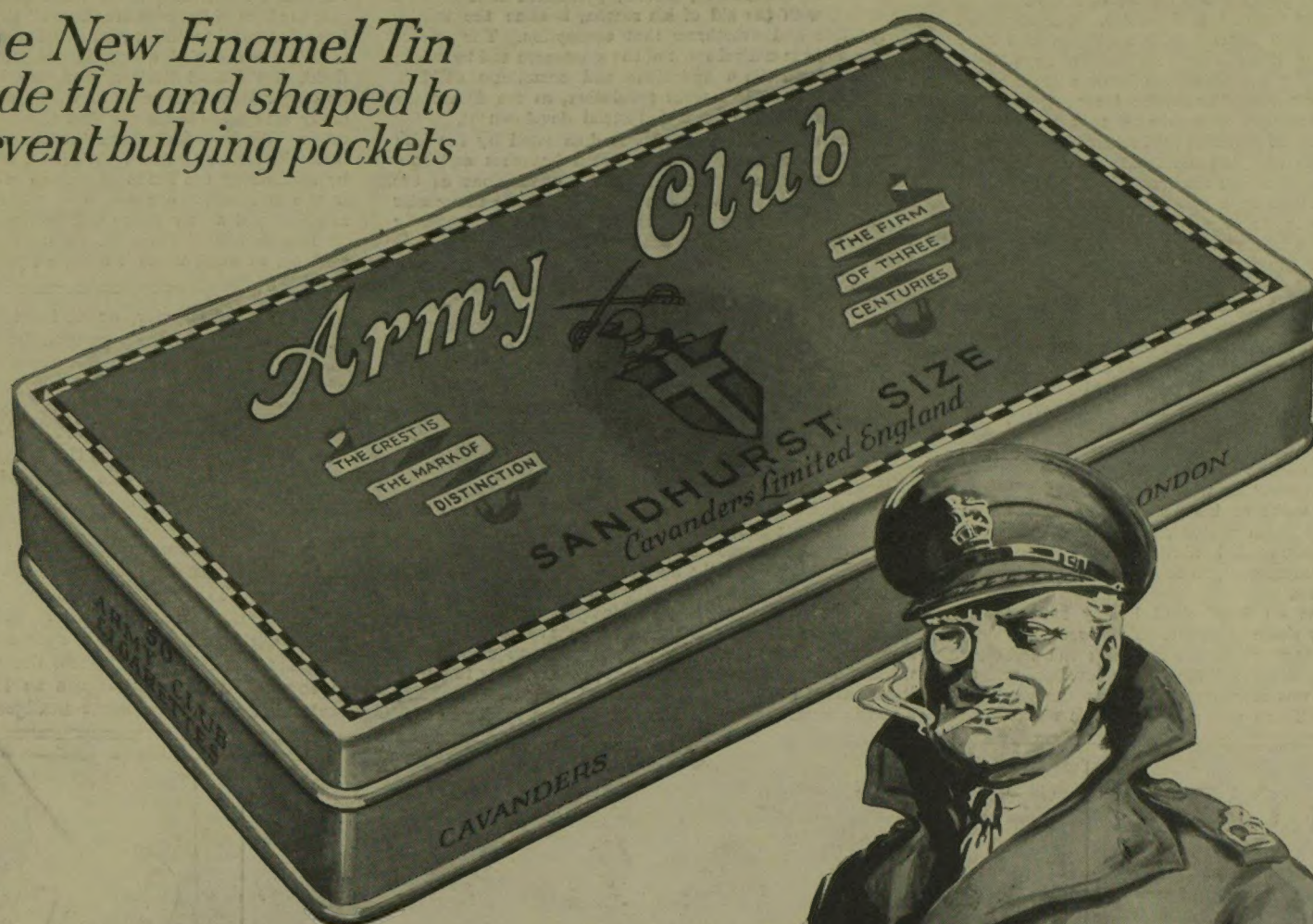
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SCIENCE AND HUMAN DESTINY.

(Continued from Page 1248)

discovery intensifies in us the sense of our incurable ignorance, by showing us how much more we must know if we are to get any grasp of the history of Egypt.

It is a veritable torment of Tantalus. Our ancestors took no trouble; they knew hardly anything, and they thought that they knew everything. We have been working feverishly for a century, we know a great many things of which our forefathers were ignorant, and yet we are ourselves ignorant of nearly all that we wish to learn. Are we, then, to proclaim that science is bankrupt? Are we to conclude that the nineteenth century wasted its time and energy in useless researches? Must we admit that it showed itself to be a gullible century, deluded by absurd ideas even in its scientific researches, so that it is now accused by a whole modern school of having falsified the history of the world?

That would be to misunderstand one of the greatest moral experiments that humanity has ever made.

Even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the King and the Pope were not the only authorities it was necessary to treat with respect if one wished to escape the penalties of the law, which were sometimes severe. For instance, it was dangerous to doubt that the Iliad and Odyssey were masterpieces. In the seventeenth century, for instance, D'Aubignac did not dare to publish his "Academic Conjectures," in which were denied Homer's existence and the value of his poems. When Wolff, at the end of the eighteenth century, took up D'Aubignac's ideas again, he surrounded himself with precautions, which fill us with amusement, so as not to get into trouble with his Government.

Such restrictions on intellectual liberty seem to us to-day a monstrous abuse of power. They were, however, in tune with a conception of life in which the certainty of ideas was more important than their number, and in which moral order was more important than the power of the human mind. There was a certain logic about such

a conception of life, and it was the foundation of several glorious civilisations. But during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries man desired to conquer the earth and its treasures, and dreamt of extending his power over nature indefinitely, having persuaded himself that he could, with the aid of his reason, become 'the master of his fate and overthrow that conception. The science of man and the critical spirit of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, sometimes audacious and sometimes childish, are the result of this great revolution, as are democratic institutions and the great industrial development.

If the nineteenth century was dominated by the idea of a science of man, with numerous branches and subdivisions, as sure and certain in its conclusions as the science of matter, by which man would become the master of his destiny, it was because science had practically become the religion of that century, which was at the same time incredulous and mystical.

The unlimited confidence in science and in the critical faculty of the human spirit, of which my generation has seen the last illusions, was the supreme movement of that mystical cult of Reason. But the true rôle of the critical spirit—and the sciences which it created—was at once more modest and more vast than the nineteenth century supposed; for it included the destruction of the system of ideas on which the old régime rested, of the Biblical cosmogony, together with the authority of Aristotle, the prestige of Titus Livius, and the classical humanities. Now that the destruction is accomplished, the mystic fervour that inflamed the destroyers has grown cold as they view the ruins; and, as the worship of reason declines, we observe that many scientific certainties in which we believed for a moment were only hypotheses.

M. Pittard's austere loyalty, the sincerity with which he admits, on every page, the insufficiencies of science, are a hidden sign of the times, far more important than appears at first sight. We are not going to disown the work of a century, as some suppose; we are going to purify it and use it by acquiring, thanks to its partial deceptions, a more precise sense of the limits of human intelligence.

The human spirit is like a bird in a cage. The cage is so large and splendid that sometimes the bird, dazed by the glories about it, and attracted by the great spaces by which it is surrounded, no longer sees the bars and, imagining itself free, flings itself towards the sky. . . . But the bars of the cage are there all the same, even if they have become invisible to its dazzled eyes.

We are the bird which, in the midst of too daring a flight, has dashed itself against the bars of the cage it no longer saw. The crises in which all the sciences which study man and his history find themselves have no other origin. We have lost rather too much of the sense of the limitations of our powers. We must begin to find it again by discovering the limits of human intelligence; for it is from a more exact conception of those limits that a new morality and a new policy will be born.

That is one of the great tasks at which our epoch is working, as usual without being aware of it.

A man's character, or at least his characteristics can be fairly accurately gauged from the style of his hat. There is a distinctiveness about head-gear, whether it be the soft felt, the bowler, the silk hat, or even the cap, and there is as marked a difference between the contour and "set" of different makes of hats as there is between the handiwork of tailors' cutters. It is just at this season of the year that we begin to notice our hats. So, according to Henry Heath, Ltd., the famous Oxford Street hatters, business becomes unusually brisk at Christmas time, and over the period of Christmas and New Year festivities. There are so many "occasions" for which a man must provide. The country house party, with shooting, winter sports, and outdoor life; the theatres, suppers, dinners, dances, and functions in town. The man who goes to Henry Heath will certainly be sure of correct headgear.

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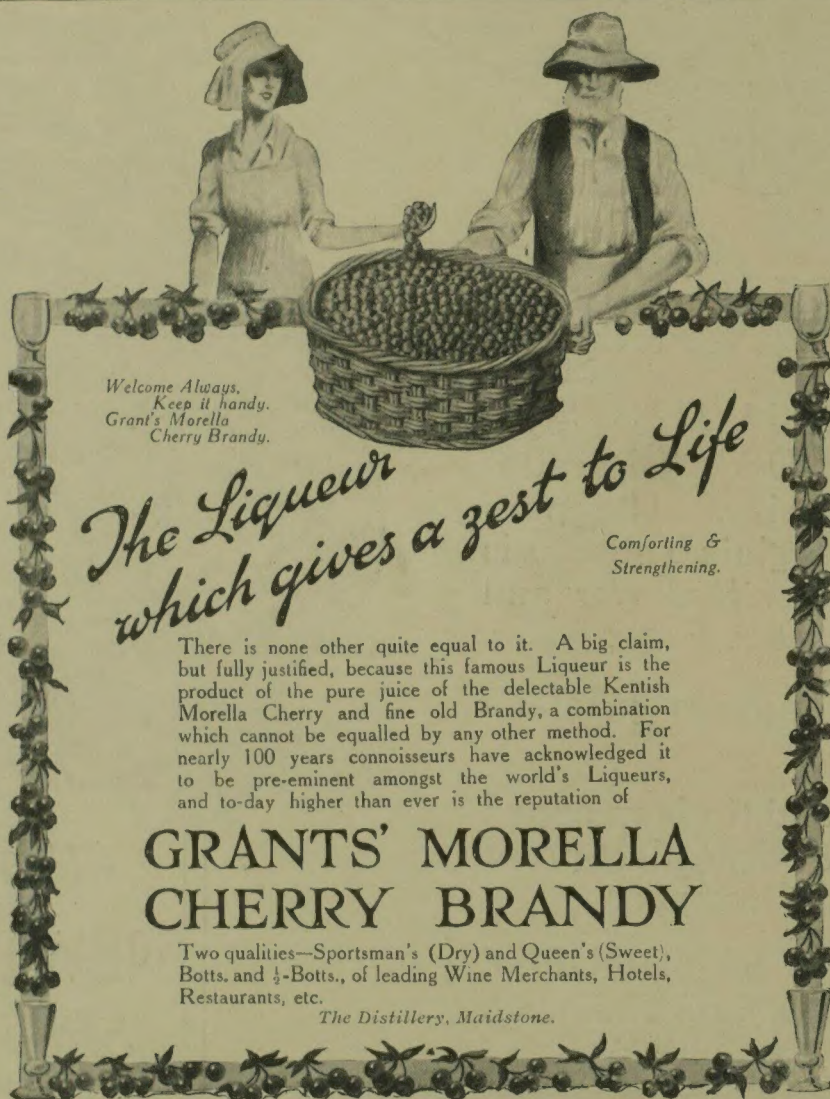
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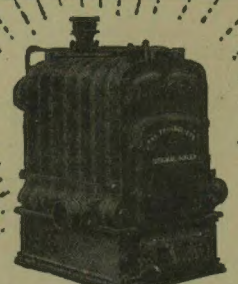
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